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**BEHIND THE NEWS
IN CHINA**

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Behind the News in China

by

Frederick Vincent Williams



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FOREWORD

THIS book has been written with the object of throwing light on the situation in the Far East and at the same time righting a wrong that has been done one of the nations in that part of the world. Events in China before and during the war with Japan have been clouded by propaganda until particularly in the United States our people have no conception of what is going on there. The fact that the American people have gained an erroneous impression of events in the Orient is not due entirely to the newspaper correspondents for their work has been greatly impeded by the enforcement of rigid rules of censorship. I first traveled through China before the outbreak of hostilities in 1937, interviewed high officials of the Chiang Kai-shek government at Shanghai and Nanking and then went on to Peking and the Siberian border and down through Manchoukuo and Korea and on to Japan. Again I traveled over China during the war. At first I had been with the Chinese armies. Now I was with the Japanese. I saw both sides. With years of newspaper experience in different parts of the world behind me I was able to judge for myself

what was going on. I left the beaten trail. I learned many things. And these I have endeavored to give you in this work. It is my hope that those who read this book may judge more clearly the actors in the great drama in The Far East now unfolding and that "Behind the News in China" will not only right a great wrong, but serve to bring America in closer and more friendly understanding with the powers and the people of the Orient.

Nearly everything that has been written of the crisis in The Far East has been on the whole one sided. It has told only one side of the story. There are two sides to every question. A reader cannot judge a situation fairly if he or she hears only one side. It is better that we Americans know both sides. Many who read this work at the start will declare it is pro-Japanese. But how many who have read books and articles in favor of China and against Japan have said—"this is pro-Chinese." We are prone to accept anything we read or hear in favor of the Chinese as fact and to doubt as propaganda anything we hear that is in favor of Japan. As a matter of fact this country has been deluged with Chinese propaganda. And we have seen little or nothing in defense of Japan.

America stands at the cross-roads of a great decision. She can blindly follow in the direction she is going so far as judgment of her people on The Orient is concerned or she can awaken to the fact that something has "been put over on

her" and take advantage of trade and commerce in that vast empire across the Pacific which otherwise will be denied her and given to others.

I have not "pulled my punches" in the telling of this story. I have held nothing back. I have spoken freely and directly and with the idea in mind that it is better we know the truth than to continue to kid ourselves along.

The history of the world is being shaped in Asia. It is time we know what is going on behind the scenes.

THE AUTHOR

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CHAPTER I

A LITTLE more than three quarters of a century ago, the Western Powers, among them America, knocked upon the doors of Japan and invited her to leave her cloistered and medieval life as an agricultural nation, open her ports to foreign influence and join them in the exciting and lucrative game of world trade. Reluctantly, even timidly, Japan consented. But with her consent Japan did not go half way about the matter. She sent her young men to America and to Europe to be educated. In time she came to play the game of the Western Powers so well that she became a commercial rival to her new found and patronizing friends. Immediately, their manner changed. They no longer patted her on the back and said she was a good child. They turned against her. They ganged up against her. By adroit and subtle propaganda, by discrimination against her goods and her people they not only began to blast her good name over the world, make her hated among many peoples but slowly and gradually and most surely these same Western Powers who had coaxed her from seclusion and splendid isolation began to close the markets of the world to her manufactured goods.

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Japan staggered under the blow. But it was too late for her to turn back. She had been an agricultural nation. She had become an industrial nation. Some seventy millions of her people lived in a country the size of California. But 15 per cent of that land was arable. And 85 per cent of the people lived on that 15 per cent of arable land. Japan had abandoned the old and taken on the new. The standard of living of her people had been raised. In all good faith she had accepted the invitation of the Western Powers to come out and play the game with them. Now she realized she had been duped by false friends.

Just so long as Japan had been a harmless, backward nation in the eyes of the western world she was popular among these foreign peoples and their governments. But when she learned too quickly, when she became too adept at their own play then they turned against her.

Japan had for an object lesson China. Great, lumbering China, her neighbor, with 450,000,000 people, unable to stand upon their own feet; China steeped in poverty and misery, her rich lands plundered and pillaged by her war lords and drained by the same Western Powers that had crossed the world and invited Japan to join them in international trade.

China, as an Asiatic people, of long acquaintance, Japan understood; China, the glories of her past now the ashes of empire and the embers of re-

public, rotting of her own follies and the sins and greed of her own leaders. Japan had made the most of her contact with the outside world. China had not. Japan had become a rival to the Western Powers. China had become their slave. Therefore, Japan found herself in the role of a nation without a friend and China, her massacres and pillages of foreigners forgotten, was suddenly held up as a nation and people deserving sympathy and support.

Step by step, slowly, surely, like the stealthy coiling of a boa constrictor about its victim's body, the Western Powers, one of them particularly with vast interests in China, began to shut off the life blood of trade with Japan over the world, in Europe, then Egypt, India, finally America. Japan in so many words was told to go back on her islands and starve, to abandon her world industrial program into which she had been enticed by honeyed words and return to simple and frugal agricultural life. And every year, that population of 70,000,000 people in a country the size of California, 2,774 of them packed into every square mile of arable land, faced a birthrate of a million a year. What was she to do? Where was she to go? Her people cried for work, for bread, for the continuation of the government's ambitious plans put into effect for the education of their children; her people asked the better and higher standard of living which the new era was granting them, with peoples of other nations in other parts of

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the world, yet in the taking of her share in international trade Japan had also been giving, particularly to America, Japan was buying from the United States five times what she was selling.

With alarm Japan noted the insidious propaganda sent abroad against her. But one market remained to keep her from starving. That was North China. There were seventy millions of people in North China. They needed the things Japan could give them. They had the raw materials Japan needed in exchange. At least if jealous trade rivals of Europe shunned her, Japan felt she had the right and the opportunity of doing business with her next door neighbor of Asia. She knew too well the sloth and weakness of the Chinese masses at large and the treachery and greed of the Chinese war lords, but she had driven the war lords and their hired gangster armies out of Manchuria and made of that country a territory so envied by the North Chinese that thousands of them sought yearly to cross the borders of Manchoukuo and work there for higher wages and with a greater degree of comfort and security. Before Manchuria became Manchoukuo in that country of 30,000,000 people, 300,000 bandits roamed at large, pillaging and slaying with Chinese war lords. "The Young Marshal" and his lieutenants, riding high in the saddle as their leaders. Now the war lords—"The Young Marshal" among them—were gone, and in that new empire there

were less than 30,000 bandits, there were schools and factories and railroads and highways building in place of ruined villages and lands abandoned and untilled.

Japan felt that if she could bring order out of chaos in Manchuria in less than three years, that she could at least, under anything like a strong and sane Chinese government do business in North China. She had high hopes in Chiang Kai-shek. True Chiang Kai-shek had been and was a war lord and to understand the China picture you must know that the provinces of China have always been ruled by war lords, even under the so-called republic. Empire and "republic" had alike been cruel and unjust to the masses. There were four hundred and fifty million Chinese, the people of one province did not understand the dialect of the people of another, the North hated the South, the South hated the North. Each province was run by a war lord; that war lord was once a bandit who became a soldier, who became in turn a general with a private army of his own; each war lord exacted tribute from the lowliest coolie, the private armies were maintained at crushing expense to the people. Then came Chiang Kai-shek, at first little better, little worse than the rest of his clan, but he married into the rich Soongs and became himself immensely wealthy and with this money he gradually built himself a powerful private army and whipped or bought other war lords

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into line, establishing a central government, forming something of a stable government out of the ruin of scattered lordships.

Because he and his wife and her family were rich, Chiang Kai-shek would have nothing to do with the Moscow inspired Communists and their armies in his country. He outdid Stalin in his purges. His soldiers executed thousands. He won, through blood, dominance and control over China. Barring his past, and the fact that he was suspected with other war lords of harboring an immense opium trade, his henchmen beheading addicts with one hand on one day and selling the drug with the other on another day, barring these things Japan hoped that Chiang Kai-shek, who fought Communism, would be able to maintain something like order in a chaotic country given to many bloody surprises for foreigners and natives alike.

Chiang Kai-shek and his legions had hated foreigners and his armies had been known to march and kill and rape among them, crimes which like others have since been carefully concealed and kept under cover by both Chiang and his recent western allies. It is good to know, however, just what has been taking place behind the scenes prior to the Marco Polo Bridge incident near Peking and the attendant undeclared war.

The British had Hong Kong by the throat and the Western Powers at large sat on Shanghai.

Peking which had been the capital of the old empire was a constant reminder of the Manchu princes whose grafting marshals the thieving war lords of the revolution had succeeded. Hong Kong was far away and near Canton and something for the Cantonese to worry about at the moment. Chiang Kai-shek first gave his war lords free reign in looting the priceless treasures of the Forbidden City of Peking until under the fast crumbling walls of the ancient and mysterious city that had been the abode of the Chinese emperors, but little more than the bicycle and toys of the one time "Boy Emperor" of China and a few musty thrones remained. The job of cleaning up the royal palaces in the Forbidden City had been neatly started by "The Christian General" and other early sons of the Sun Yat Sen revolution. Chiang, in reality, put the finishing touches on it.

The real stroke in sounding the death knell of Peking and its glories was the building of the new Nanking, half way between Peking and Shanghai, and the firm invitation to the foreign powers to move their embassies from Peking to Nanking. The comparison between Nanking and Peking for those who have not been there is Reno against Washington; that and the climate of Chicago, winter and summer, thrown up against the balm of a San Francisco September day. Chiang's suggestion that they move from Peking to Nanking did not meet with any enthusiastic response from the em-

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bassies although Uncle Sam led off with a residence in Nanking which now is of little use.

With Peking dying Chiang turned his attention to Shanghai, the killing of Peking and Shanghai giving Nanking, according to his plans, full sway. He was, to be sure, trying to unite China under a Central government, if it was his own private affair, but Shanghai proved a harder nut to crack. Here the Western Powers were grouped into an international settlement, here they maintained their own military and here the foreigner within the confines of that settlement had his own council and laws and here were conducted the banking houses and commercial institutions, safe from marauding war lords and bandits. Chiang wanted the banking and the business done in Nanking. He lavished public moneys, wrung from the poor coolies, on stately public buildings and stadiums with the prodigal hand of a Roman Emperor, but even his generals would not bank in Nanking. They kept their moneys, their loot in Shanghai if they did not send it out of the country. In this, Chiang did likewise for it is common report that he has something far in excess of eighty millions of dollars stored away safely in London for the day when the game might be up in China. The life of a war lord at best is and has been a hazardous thing in China.

Shanghai stood its ground and did not budge and Chiang openly nursed a deep grudge against

the metropolis of the Orient, the Chicago of China. Japan, like the other Western Powers, had big stakes in China and banked through Shanghai, but nevertheless it was willing to swallow much if Chiang, despite his faults, could bring something of unity and order out of the perpetual chaos by which China down through the centuries had been plagued.

Meanwhile Japan, with the Western Powers lined up against her in the trade marts of the world, began to feel in North China not only their influence against her with the Chinese government itself, for they began to craftily work upon Chiang Kai-shek against Japan, but to face a new peril.

This peril came from Soviet Russia. The Western nations had economic designs on China, especially one power among them, with its great interests in China. Soviet Russia had political designs. Little has been said of the part the Soviets have played in the Far East drama yet in reality, as I shall show, Moscow lighted the fires of war between Japan and China as surely as she set Spain ablaze and turned Mexico Communistic.

For several years the Soviet had been trying to get a foothold in China. It had succeeded to a considerable degree. In Chun teh, one time opium addict; in Mao Tze-tung, brains of the Chinese Communists, and other leaders the Soviets built up a Red foe against Chiang Kai-shek which Japan, watching zealously, hoped Chiang would defeat.

Chiang, to his military credit, did, but the seed was still there, the broken armies scattered in far flung provinces, encouraged by Russia, waiting for the time to strike again. Meanwhile, out of the Red colleges of propaganda in Moscow the Russians were turning from twelve to fifteen hundred young Chinese Reds a year and sending them back to their homeland to move among the masses and preach the doctrine of Communism and the program of world revolution of the Third Internationale.

These agents of the Reds deliberately began to set the starving millions of China on fire against every man who had anything against Chiang Kai-shek and his war lord government at Nanking, against every foreigner. They made rash promises of confiscated riches and of easy lives and of much food, for every starved coolie who would take up a knife and gun and join them on "The Day." Chiang, alarmed, seized desperately on the idea of uniting China with him by a program of "hate Japan" and turning the public mind from the rich and himself. He was secretly encouraged in this by some of the Western Powers. And he was even joined by the China Reds. Japan found herself now faced with a nationwide program over China against her, linked with the Western Powers crusade abroad. Chiang, whom Japan, and even some of the westerners, looked on to bring order out of chaos in China, had joined Nippon's foes. Still she

held her peace though far and wide the campaign of "hate Japan" bore fruit in attacks and insults and even periodic slaying of her nationals.

Soviet Russia, though, and her China Red aides were not satisfied. As long as Chiang maintained his policy against the Communists their progress was blocked. The Soviet, covertly, through its China Red agents, tried to incite Chiang further by having him declare war on Japan. But Chiang was not ready for that yet though with the destruction of the Manchoukuo empire and the restoration of rich provinces under an old Manchuria in mind he no doubt harbored thought of eventual war with Nippon.

The new Manchoukuo was a constant eye sore and a thorn in the side to Chiang Kai-shek and the China war lords in his camp, as well as to the China Reds and the Russian Bolshevik. For Manchoukuo, from an impoverished Manchuria, had taken on the status of a happy and prosperous empire. This, despite world-wide propaganda to the effect that Japan was oppressing the Manchurians under a puppet government. Under Japan domination, no doubt, this Manchoukuo empire was, but it was prospering under it and the contrast between clean and busy cities and villages and well ordered life and modern railroads in Manchoukuo to the misery and poverty and disorder in China proper, cast reflection on not only the Nanking

government but the Soviet in Russia as well whose own house was far from in order.

It was then that an incident happened at Sian that had more bearing on the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and China than the Marco Polo bridge affair outside of Peking, generally credited with having started the undeclared war. The truth of it has never been told. That is, in print. But the knowledge of it is common among those who have had the opportunity of looking behind the scenes.

CHAPTER II

CHIANG KAI-SHEK was kidnaped by China Reds. He was kidnaped by China Reds at the instigation of the Russian Reds. "The Young Marshal" whom the Japanese, to the ecstasy of the Manchurians, had kicked out of Manchuria, figured in the headlines as the kidnaper. "The Young Marshal" had gone Red, Red against Japan, cast his lot with Communism of both his own country and Russia that war might be made on Japan and Manchuria and his plunder be won back. Manchuria had been a rich plum for both himself and his father. It maintained his private armies. On the backs of the coolies he had lived like an imperial potentate with his concubines and his opium. Now, an outcast, an exile, fighting with Chiang, he had secretly made peace with the China and Russian Reds and they used him for the coup that was in so short a while to bring on the undeclared war between Japan and China.

At Sian, while the world wondered, and the Generalissimo's wife and her family trembled and the Generalissimo's military commanders nibbled at their finger nails and held their peace to see how it would come out and which way they were to

jump, the China and Russian Reds put their program up to Chiang Kai-shek, take it or leave it, like it or not, a bold throw of the dice in the game of international intrigue with Asia as the stake.

Chiang Kai-shek who jumped out of a back window on the night he was surrounded, jumped out in his night dress and lost his false teeth in the jumping and injured his back at the time, was hauled unceremoniously into the presence of his kidnapers. He was told he was kidnaped for his own good, to save himself from himself and his friends and with that delicate courtesy with which the Chinese are noted on occasions, Chiang was given the choice of leaving his head in a basket, which meant having it cut off, or of turning his government Soviet and Communistic and making war on Japan with the promise, note, that the Soviets of Russia would come in openly as a military ally and fight side by side with the Chiang forces.

The bait was also held out that Manchuria was to be the prize and that the "Young Marshal" who had taken so prominent a part in the kidnaping was to be given his old territory back in Manchuria.

It was a bitter and a hard pill for Chiang to swallow and he was quick enough not to make up his mind or to render his decision immediately on the plea that he had lost his teeth and could not talk. Thereupon, a diligent search was made for

Chiang's teeth, but hunt as they did, these teeth which some day may turn up in a museum and be history, could not be found.

Chiang needed at this vital moment the company and advice of his wife whom many credit with being the Generalissimo's brains outside of his actual military operations. Madame Chiang has been immortalized in the Western world by clever press agency, much of which I will go into detail in later chapters, press agency so clever that she is regarded in many quarters as nothing short of a goddess—that is outside of her own country where she is cordially hated by not a few.

With the general refusing to talk without his teeth, Madame was sent for and flew to the scene—carrying, history will some day solemnly record, a fresh set of teeth for the general. With the arrival of Chiang Kai-shek's store toofies, his last alibi not to talk and say something and make his choice between his head and changing the color of his Nanking government was gone. But he at least had the comforting and consoling presence of his wife along with her advice on what to do under the circumstances.

No wife, I take it, wants to see her husband's head lopped off into an old basket just for a little thing like changing the color of one's government and going to war with a country one had been teaching their subjects to hate, but the Madame was not to be rushed. She drove something of a

hard bargain which made some of those present wince.

It was to be explicitly understood, Madame Chiang held, that if her husband, the Generalissimo, agreed to turn his government Soviet, that the Communistic idea of taking everything away from the rich was not to be imposed on either Chiang, herself or her family; the Soongs as all the Orient knows, have plenty. Also Madame made it clear her husband must be allowed time to turn the trick to save his "face" which is a most important thing in the Far East. If one loses his "face" in China they might as well be done with it and lose their head.

All this required days. Meanwhile, the world was filled with news that the Generalissimo was bearing up bravely, that he was saying nothing, that he was making no promises and demanded his unconditional release—"face saving" here—that Madame had flown courageously to his side and—here was the great laugh in the Orient—"The Young Marshal" was so heartbroken over what had happened and the fact that he had been the cause of it that he wanted to kill himself or stand trial and standing trial—this borrowed from his Russian friends—would demand on his plea of guilt that he be given the worst punishment possible for so heinous a crime.

Before the party adjourned, the Russian gentlemen present along with "The Young Marshal" in-

sisted that Chiang start war with Japan with no loss of time, using his own private army, German trained, which incidently, was in line with some of the tactics Chiang had been employing on his own enemies or too popular aides—when a war lord's army goes down by a chance of bad luck the war lord is out of the picture too. Chiang promised quite heartily and with his head safely on his shoulders, departed for Nanking. He had made the best of a bad bargain. He was at least alive. Anyway, his "face," for the time, was saved and the world didn't have an inkling of what had taken place. Many things could happen between now and the morrow.

When Chiang and his wife got back to Nanking, they found they had arrived none too soon. Most of his generals, war lords with private armies of their own whom Chiang in the past had bought or beaten into line from outlying provinces were about to bolt and set up a government of their own. A lot of wire pulling had been used to keep one or more of them bolting before Chiang's release. The Red inclined among them, however, had been informed to sit tight and await orders while outside word was sent from Sian and Moscow to the Communist armies in China that the day for action had come and that they might join forces with Chiang against Japan. Also from Sian and before that from Nanking had gone Russian advisers to Moscow with news that Chiang was

signed, sealed and delivered and that the armies he had at his command, including his widely publicized iron brigades, were in condition to face Japan, both in numbers and equipment. Chiang, with his war lord allies, had quietly been building up one of the largest standing armies in the world.

However, when Chiang sat down with his German military advisers and told them what had taken place at Sian, how he had been forced to pledge his government to go Soviet and make war on Japan to save his head, the Germans flew into a rage. They admitted that they had given Chiang a fine army, but they also declared that Chiang did not have enough troops, that he was not ready to fight Japan and that he would not be ready to fight Japan for at least two years.

"Give us two more years and we will have enough men and arms to whip Japan," they said. "Under that, we warn you, we cannot answer for the consequences."

The Generalissimo had great confidence in his German military advisers. They were soldiers every inch of them, veteran commanders of the great war and Chiang knew that they knew what they were talking about. Therefore, he sent word to Moscow and begged for more time, in fact insisted on it and, strange to say, overnight it seemed, the Soviet was willing to give it, for at home the Red Russian Bear that walks like a man was on his knees and in

trouble. Stalin was beginning the first chapter of the vast purges that since have cost him the lives of thousands, among them many of his first commanders and officers of the Red armies. The Soviet was facing revolution. The Soviet, as a matter of fact, could not afford to fight now, could not keep its promise to Chiang to go ahead and join him in a war on Japan.

Also, Japan knowing what had happened, knowing that Chiang's kidnaping had brought him under the influence of Moscow, swiftly made agreements with Germany and Italy to exchange information regarding Communistic activities. The Soviet had this to worry about too. Hitler and Mussolini, in the anti-Communist pact, were at Russia's back door. Chiang was delighted that Russia would give him more time. He did not know at that time that Stalin was at secret war with his own people in their homeland, wiping them out by the thousands in prisons and dungeons by the firing squads or that the structure of the great Red armies was weakened and must be strengthened before they could help. He was to learn later, too late, and to his sorrow.

Now over China, the young Reds hailed with joy the first news from Sian and Moscow that the kidnaping of Chiang had brought him under Soviet control and that Chiang had agreed to make war on Japan. The word later, from Chiang at Nanking, that this war was to be delayed, was received

with anger and distrust by them. Some of their leaders were taken into the confidence of Nanking and told and warned that even with his great armies, Chiang did not have enough men to whip Japan and that the war with Japan as a consequence must be postponed. Nanking told these young Reds, numbering thousands, and many hundreds trained and educated in the Red colleges of Propaganda at Moscow for this event, that instead of war, actual war, their efforts must again be turned to propaganda among the masses in a campaign to further the hatred of Japan among the people in preparation for the fighting which was ultimately to come.

The young Reds, however, were hot bloods and wanted immediate hostilities. They demanded immediate war on Japan. Had they not seen the great armies of the China war lords marching and drilling and even the police corps of the cities at bayonet drill at night? This was a trick they thought to cheat them of their day, of the hour of blood and revenge, of the time when the rich were to be made poor and the poor made rich and the Red flags of the Soviet to fly from their cities.

All right, they reasoned, if Chiang was stalling, if he was trying to trick them they would take matters in their own hands and force war, force Japan to come in and fight. This was easy of accomplishment. There were tens of thousands of Japanese nationals living with the nations of other

countries in China. Many of them were isolated, civilians, men living with their wives and children in Chinese cities and towns, away from the protection of soldiers; merchants and traders, easy to reach and as easy to be done away with. Foreigners had been massacred in China before. It was nothing new. It could be done again. And besides this time it would be Japanese men, women and children and Japanese had been made unpopular with the other nations in the world by skillful propaganda from Moscow and from certain nations in Europe, one of them, in particular, which had much at stake in China and feared Japan's rise as a commercial power. These other foreigners could be taken care of later. The China Reds would deal with the Japanese first and who would care, other than Japan, if a few thousand Japanese died. Their killing would anger Japan. No nation, to save face, could afford to have its civilians killed without taking action. The killing of Japanese nationals would force war with Japan, would make Chiang fight too.

And so, while Chiang strained feverishly at Nanking to build anew his war machine, there was begun, over China, a series of wide scale massacres of Japanese nationals, men, women and children, Koreans among them, defenseless men, women and children, butchered in their homes and shops, mobbed to death on city and village streets. Countless hundreds of Japanese and Koreans died

this way, many slain in isolated communities. Within 150 miles of where I lived in North China, there were 200 men, women and children put to death by Chinese Communists, 20 of them little Japanese girls, mere children, dragged from their homes and hot wires pierced through their throats and in the village street they were hung alive, dangling in torture in mid-air, while the Chinese Reds howled savagely about them and then riddled their twisting bodies with bullets.

The massacre of Japanese men, women and children at Tungchow by Chinese soldiers who had pretended to be their friends and their guardians will go down in history as one of the worst butcheries of ancient or modern times. It began before daylight on the morning of July 29th, 1937, and it continued on through the day. Japanese men, women and children were hunted down by the Chinese soldiery like wild animals, dragged from their homes, the women and children assaulted by gangs of soldiers, then, with the men, their bodies put to slow tortures. So badly mutilated were the Japanese civilians that when their countrymen found them in many cases they could not distinguish the men from the women. In many cases the victims, as they died, were thrown into ponds where the waters became red with their blood. For hours the screams of women and children echoed from homes as the Chinese soldiers ravished and tortured them. This was at Tunachow, the

ancient city whose name will go down the centuries as one of the blackest marks against China. Of 380 Japanese nationals in that bloody episode, but 120 escaped. Many of the ravished and dead were children. In numerous instances the unhappy Nipponese were not mercifully relieved by death until 24 hours after their tortures began. The Chinese used hot wires to pierce their noses and throats, punctured their ear drums that they might not hear their own cries of suffering, gouged out their eyes that they might not see their own tormentors. The Iroquois and the Sioux of early America's West never devised greater cruelties.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. on her return from China, gave an enlightening view of this sort of conduct on the part of the Chinese in "The Saturday Evening Post" of Oct. 21, 1937.

". . . Suddenly we heard cries, deepening into a sullen roar. Directly below us the entire throng had become an infuriated mob and, giving tongue like hounds, were chasing five Japanese. Four managed to escape by jumping into busses. Oddly enough the Chinese did not try to pull them out. One tripped and fell. They got him. As he lay in an ever-widening lake of blood they kicked him, beat him, stoned him until his ribs were crushed and his face a bloody pulp. At last the tall, white-turbaned Sikh traffic policeman, armed with a whip, pushed his way through from his corner on Nanking Road, and the mob scattered like rabbits.

The Sikh went to call an ambulance. Instantly the mob closed in again, apparently taking vengeance on a corpse. I was certain the man was dead, but when he was finally put on a stretcher, I saw his hands move."

While this was taking place, and later, some 60,000 Chinese were living peacefully in the Japanese Empire, their lives and property protected while they mingled with the Japanese in friendly business and social relations. I have walked through the Chinatowns of Yokohama and other Japanese cities and watched the Chinese children at play without thought of fear or danger and while in China their countrymen were mobbing and hunting down Japanese children like themselves. Those of us who have lived and traveled in The Orient smile when we hear on this side of the world of the "ferocity and inhumanity of the Japanese in contrast to the peacefulness and humanity of the poor Chinese." The very Chinese soldiers who perpetrated the massacre of the Japanese innocents at Tungchow were fed by the Japanese troops when captured and under the Sumarai code which condemns the offense but forgives the offender they were told to go and kill no more. The Japanese officers placed the blame for the massacres, not on the ignorant soldiery of China but on the War Lords of Nanking and Moscow and the propaganda against the Japanese that had been drummed into ignorant ears.

The world did not hear of these outrages. If they had happened to the nationals of any other nation, the news would have been flashed to the world and the world would have shrunk in horror and the nation whose nationals had been murdered would have taken immediate action. But the Japanese are poor propagandists. As adept as they have been at adopting the ways of the Western nations, in commerce and in war, they have neglected propaganda despite the fact that they have been up against the most powerful propaganda agencies on earth.

Japan, to the surprise of the foreigners in China, did not act quickly. She knew butcheries had been perpetrated by Reds. She knew that since the Western nations had closed the markets of the world to her products she must do business in North China and she frankly did not want to war on China. China's government, Japan knew, was lost in the web of Bolshevism from Russia, yet she did not wish to fight the people of China because China was her neighbor and must be her customer if she, Japan were to live.

Japan had been watching both Nanking and Moscow narrowly. She was first to know that the Soviet was wobbling at home, that given time Communism and the Third Internationale would crash of their own weight. She also knew that Chiang Kai-shek and his rule were unpopular

with the Chinese people, that the masses knew of Chiang and his generals' great wealth stored abroad and that given time the Chinese people would sicken of them and follow a new leader who would oppose the Bolshevik as Japan opposed him and who would give Japan an even break in the trade mart of North China.

The massacres of Japanese nationals continued. The pillaging and murdering went on. And then at Marco Polo bridge the Japanese army was fired upon and when the China Reds did this they touched off the spark that lighted the flame, for the uniform of the Japanese soldier is sacred in that it represents the emperor and the Japanese people love their emperor with a deep and undying affection that is like the burning of a bright spiritual light.

Japan struck swiftly now and the Reds recoiled and the people of Peking who had suffered under Nanking war lord rule were glad to open their gates to the Japanese. They knew Chiang Kai-shek planned Peking's effacement; they knew also now, what every one in China seemed to know, but not the world outside, that Chiang had made peace with the Reds of Moscow, that the Reds in China were climbing into the saddle of empire.

The China Reds had forced Chiang's hand against Japan and brought Japan in for war as they had intended to do, but when the people of

Peking turned against them, when the city was so easily taken over these Reds now turned to Nanking and cried for help and for armies of the war lords against Japan.

CHAPTER III

war lords of China are a selfish lot. They **I** think only of themselves and not of their country. They owe their power and position alone to the fact that they have armies of their own to hold it. And each one knew that if he went out with his private army against the Japanese to do battle and was defeated that he would no longer be a war lord. So the war lords stalled, particularly among them the boss war lord of them all, Chiang Kai-shek, who treasured and counted his own some half million German trained soldiers, knew that if he lost them he would lose himself. Chiang Kai-shek here began a policy which he pursued to the end, that of picking the war lords among his aides whom he did not fully trust and who were most likely to turn against him and sending them out to fight the Japanese.

At the same time, he turned to his father confessors in things military, the hard boiled German military advisers, who had built him his war machine and who were in the act of building him another one. These German generals were not idealists. They were practical men of long experience. They knew more about war than any Chinese

war lord. Now they sat in judgment and command at this crisis, trying to save the day they had attempted to put off. In the first place, they were disgusted. In the past, in many instances, their advice had not been followed and they could not hope that it would be followed entirely again.

Here, in brief, is what they told the Generalissimo to do. "Bring about foreign intervention—you cannot win alone—Russia is out at present—may and must help with supplies—depend also on England—but meanwhile get some other power to intervene—preferably America—the Americans are always good at that sort of thing."

It did not look hard to do. Sympathy at the start was with the Chinese. The Japanese were invaders. They were aggressors. They wanted to steal China, expand their empire. Once ruling China, they would organize the Chinese and conquer the world. This is what the high geared propaganda agencies of Moscow and London sent out. These agencies had been making mince meat of the Japanese for two years. Now they turned with gusto to a new task, a mightier job that must be done quickly, that must turn the world against Japan and pave the way for intervention, for perhaps American intervention, America being good at "saving the world for democracy." England was genuinely alarmed and outdid the Russians in firing up public opinion against Japan, especially in America.

Chiang, with the counsel of the German military advisers ringing in his ears to bring about intervention, looked upon Shanghai. Here, in the International Settlement, were foreigners, foreign banks and business houses, foreign homes. What simpler than to start fireworks there? The city was being flooded with Japanese civilian refugees. Japanese sailors and marines were busy landing them on their ships and getting them out of the country. Fighting in Shanghai would bring Japanese shells eventually into the foreign zones and foreigners slain would mean foreign intervention and a powerful ally for China against Japan. The fighting might also destroy Shanghai itself, send it into oblivion with Peking.

The German military advisers were for this but they advised Chiang against sending any of his own private army into Shanghai or of prolonging for any length of time the fighting there. "Strike and run," they said. "Strike and fight before the Japanese army comes in. Confine your fighting to the Japanese sailors and marines, but when the army comes, run, for if you don't you will lose the cream of your men."

"But I will lose face if I retreat," wailed Chiang in his high nasal tone. "Better 'lose face' than your men," growled the German military. The stage was set to bring about intervention in Shanghai.

The job was cleverly and craftily done. It fooled the world, particularly America, and it nearly suc-

ceeded. That it did not succeed in bringing on intervention is regarded by many foreigners on the scene as nothing short of a miracle. But in the doing, Chiang Kai-shek, by not strictly following the advice of his German military officers, nearly lost his beloved iron brigades. He held them too long on the job, he sacrificed his own troops to save face.

To begin with, Chiang Kai-shek did not boldly send his army into Shanghai with flags flying and bands playing. In the first place that would have been a violation of a treaty held with the foreign powers that no Chinese armed forces are allowed within the foreign zone. Chinese armies have long had a reputation for murder and rape among the innocents of both their own and foreign people to keep them strictly out of harm's way.

Chiang Kai-shek slipped more than a hundred thousand of his picked men into the congested areas of Shanghai—not in uniform but disguised as coolies, their arms concealed. They mingled with the coolie millions and waited for the word. Meanwhile, the Japanese had ships in port and sailors and marines ashore bustling Japanese civilian refugees from the interior aboard. Fighting was then going on outside of Peking. There were some 2000 of these Japanese sailors and marines ashore and available on their ships in port. Chiang Kai-shek struck. His blow was the simple killing of two Japanese officers. The Japanese sent a shore

party for the protection of their nationals and their interests. That was the signal. The 100,000 picked men from Nanking attacked. The Japanese found themselves suddenly confronted—2000 against 100,000, their backs to the Whangpoo, threatened with annihilation.

The battle began. But before the first shots were fired, the Moscow and European propaganda agencies, the Chinese press agents were at work.

The world was told that a united and an aroused China faced the invader. As the fighting began and the handful of Japanese strove desperately to keep from being driven into the river against the overwhelming force of Chinese regulars from Nanking, the world was told from Moscow to London that the Japanese had found a new Chinese soldier who could give as good as he could take. To their astonishment, the Japanese learned that whole districts had been secretly fortified and that the tens of thousands of trained and superbly equipped soldiers they were facing had laid a trap for them. For seven days and nights with little food, with scant ammunition at times, the Japanese sailors and marines held their foe, many times their number, in check. Some day in the future, when the history of this conflict is written, when military history is recorded, the stand made by those few thousands of Japanese for a week against great odds will go down with the Light Brigade and other famous regiments.

Yet as the fighting continued through that bloody week and against those great odds, the press of the world, the American press leading them, reviled and ridiculed the Japanese. At the same time, certain foreign nations, trade rivals of Japan, yearning for her destruction, began to aid the Chinese soldiers with provisions and with arms. The Japanese army came hurrying into the fight and the battle of Shanghai was on in earnest. Chiang Kai-shek sent more divisions into Shanghai. The Germans at Nanking stormed and raged and protested. "No more, no more, get your men out now, withdraw, retreat, you are under the Japan guns, you are where the military of Nippon want your best now."

The Japanese had got the range. They had brought in their re-enforcements. They were ready now to battle on more equal terms, although always in the China fighting the Chinese have outnumbered them ten and twenty to one. In a desperate effort to bring on intervention, the Chinese again and again contrived to draw the Japanese fire so that it would strike in the International Settlement. Their aviators on the first days even went so far as to drop bombs on the Cathay and the Palace Hotels slaying hundreds of their own civilians. They claimed later this was a mistake but many who were on the ground believe that the bombing of those hotels and the likewise bloody bombings of King Edward VII Avenue and other

congested centers were done deliberately to bring on intervention.

In their desperation to force the hand of some foreign powers, the Chiang Kai-shek forces flagrantly raised the flags of other nations over their own barricades, buildings from which they fought, carried them over their autos. For a time the trick worked and the Japanese at cost of men avoided firing on these places with foreign flags but finally when the truth was known the Nippon aviators and soldiers bombed and shot through these flag protected Chinese fortifications. Mistakes were made as the Chinese wanted them to be made and Tokyo time and again found itself in hot water. But somehow Nippon escaped intervention although the peril constantly lurked over her.

During those long weeks of bloodshed, the miserable Chinese coolies and their families herded like sheep in buildings which their own soldiers used to fire from and they died by the hundreds with the troops. No apparent effort was made by Chiang Kai-shek or his war lords to save or to protect these people, to evacuate them. When a building filled with them was wanted as a barricade, the Nanking troops simply moved in and started firing.

The press of the world, inspired by Red propagandists, howled with glee as the fighting went on, heralding the failure of the Japanese to drive the

Chinese soldiers out of Shanghai as a sign that China "could fight and would fight."

I talked with Japanese commanders and what they told me coincided with what I know the German military advisers were telling Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking. One of these generals of the high Japanese command said to me:

"I am satisfied to remain right where we are. We have Chiang Kai-shek right under our guns. It saves us a lot of trouble. They started this thing, now, as you Americans say, 'let them finish it.'" Every day, thereafter, Japan took her toll of the flower of Chiang Kai-shek's army and every day the German military advisers at Nanking went to Chiang Kai-shek and told the Generalissimo another nail was being driven into his political coffin and begged him to get out of Shanghai. "My face, my face," Chiang Kai-shek would cry. "I will lose face before the world. Look at the marvelous publicity in the foreign press we are getting out of this and the chance for intervention."

But the German advisory command had no use for publicity when it ate into the very vitals of the war machine it had been building for Chiang Kai-shek for years. You who were at home then read your papers and were told that a new and a united China was facing Japan. But as a matter of fact Chiang Kai-shek was sacrificing his own men to save "face" and the people at large in China, and particularly in Shanghai, were praying to their

Gods for the boss war lord to get out of Shanghai and leave them to their peace.

The propaganda and publicity mills of Moscow and Nanking were grinding happily and most effectively. There were "do and die battalions," "suicide brigades," catch phrase groups pleasing to a news story, but in reality meaning nothing for the "do and die" battalions and the "suicide brigades" were no sooner put in a tight place than they quit and ran. However, others were erected in the publicity stories to take their places and even after the Chinese armies quit Shanghai, Chiang Kai-shek took up the cry and before abandoning each strategic center, boldly proclaimed to the world that he would make his "last stand there." It became a joking remark among foreigners in China that "The Generalissimo was not making his 'last stand' again, but 'his last run.' "

This continual breaking of his word, this constant retreat also weakened him with the people at large and began steadily to thin his following among them. No man can remain a national hero long who is continually running away. Not that Chiang Kai-shek really ever was a national hero—too many, even among the miserable and poor, reckoned his great wealth against his proclamations of new lives for the people and governmental reform. Abroad, however, Chiang still retained caste and the deeper his reverses the greater sympathy

was aroused for him and his wife and what the world thought were "his people."

As the armies of the Generalissimo and the war lords fell back under the blows of the Japanese, Chiang strengthened his publicity forces and these joined with Moscow and certain European powers, turned every retirement into a move of strategy, every defeat into a heroic gesture and while feeding the press with stories of victories which though later proved untrue, at the time had the virtue of offsetting the real Japanese successes. The Nanking government up to and even after the fall of that city was faced with the necessity of keeping up its credit in Europe and America for the purchase of munitions of war. Chiang and his wife or her family, enormously rich as they were, did not spend from their own fortunes, but credits abroad were established by lavish concessions signed and sold away which could be good for collection only if Chiang could drive the Japanese armies out of China.

Dr. Kung, Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law, and Minister of Finance, told me at dinner in his palace before he went to Europe to establish credits and buy war material, that China already had the sympathy of the world and that she "would beat Japan with it." It was while Dr. Kung was in Europe, signing away concessions with a lavish hand, that if Chiang had won would have impoverished the Chinese people still further for many generations,

that the publicity mills ground swiftly with monumental lies of "Chinese successes" and "Japanese reverses," all swallowed by the gullible foreign public, even its bankers. As Dr. Kung was striking his pen to these rich pledges of his homeland that must be borne by the coolie and his children and the Chinese troops were scattering like partridges before the Japanese drives, stories inspired by the propaganda mills would flash over the world and into the headlines of the papers of many nations that "China was winning."

Coupled with these stories of Chinese victories were others which put the Japanese in the light of mad barbarians and which cleverly concealed the wild and bloody excesses of the Cathay soldiery. Headlines of American papers especially shrieked of Japanese bombings of innocents with no mention or intimation of the fact that the Chinese war lords in their desperation not only to bring about intervention of some foreign power but to inflame the Chinese coolies against the Japanese, would dig their divisions into the heart of congested civilian areas and mount their guns in the very shadow of foreign properties while at the same time flying flags of other nations over their battlements. Time and again the Japanese Commanders would beg these Chinese war lords to shift their scene of battle from the thickly populated cities and towns or at least evacuate them if they chose to use their flimsy structures for protection. But the Chinese war lords

and their soldiery not only refused to accede to these humanitarian pleas of the Japanese commanders but actually and without warning to the poor Chinese civilians used bodies and hovels as shields and baits to the enemy.

CHAPTER IV

NOW the press agency of Chiang, fighting with printer's ink if not with men and guns, scored still another coup that entranced a naïve America and world at large. The thing took well in headlines and news copy—"a scorched earth policy." Chiang, the press agents said, to turn back "the invader" was "destroying everything behind him." This was something of an ironic jest for the private armies of the China war lords have always adhered to that policy. If they did not kill and rob the foreigner when retreating they did their own people until the people through long association can almost be said to have gotten used to it.

This "scorched earth" policy was regarded by the simplest and sanest commuter in America and elsewhere as a noble thing done in defense of one's own country and people and in stern and sacrificing protest to a cruel invader. It was followed by the "drowned earth" policy when Chiang's officers opened the dykes of the Yellow River and drowned tens of thousands of Chinese men, women and children to stop a Japanese army about to wipe the fleeing Chinese soldiers off the map. They opened

those dykes to save their own necks and their own fortunes and they thought not a whit of the poor devils of their own blood who were dying in consequence. If any other government had done that it would have been howled into oblivion by the world at large, but the publicity department of the Generalissimo had so adequately paved the way that even this was looked on by many as a heroic sacrifice to patriotism. If these amiable souls at home could have heard the cries and curses of the wretched Chinese farmers and their women and children against the fleeing troops of Chiang Kai-shek, if they could have seen them raise their fists and shake them in the direction of Chiang and his armies and call down the curses of hell upon them, they might have looked on the matter a little differently. But all they saw of China and its "drowned earth" was what they read in subtle and clever propaganda released down through the months by Chiang's highly paid penmen and they solemnly said amen to an act that will smell to high Heaven in history.

Despite the publicity build up on the part of Chiang Kai-shek after the war had gone on for a year to justify his "scorched" and "drowned earth" policy, news of the excesses of the Chinese troops under his command began to dribble through the censors and reach the outside world. The fierce and unbridled looting by Chinese soldiery of their own cities and towns "got out" and necessitated

some kind of propaganda to counteract its effect on the peoples of other nations. The fact that the China soldiery were pillaging their own was beginning to react upon Chiang and his war lords.

As a consequence, the correspondents with the Chinese armies were fed with data to the effect that "stern measures" were being taken by the Generalissimo and his war lords to prevent the looting of cities and villages in his control by "irresponsible and irregular soldiery." The blame was laid on the former Manchurian divisions of "The Young Marshal," Chang Hsueh-liang, whom the Japanese ran out of Manchuria where like his late father whom he succeeded, he had been running things with a high hand, robbing and slaying at will. This was the same Young Marshal, who turned "Red" and was selected by Moscow and the China Reds for the job of kidnaping Chiang Kai-shek at Sian when the latter was made to promise at the saving of his life that he would turn his Central Nanking Government, Soviet, and make war on Japan. For this act, it will be remembered, "The Young Marshal" in good Bolshevik form demanded to be punished by Chiang when the Generalissimo returned to his fold but instead was given a soft berth and command of his army again.

It is interesting to note how Chiang and his generals went about the business of clearing their skirts of these ugly rumors of looting Chinese cities and villages by their troops. The Chicago

Daily News, under August 25, 1938, headlines a dispatch from Chengchow, China, then under Chiang control, and of course censorship, as follows:

"SHELLS, FLOODS AND LOOTING DO HAVOC IN CHINA. SOME DEFENSE FORCES ARE BUSIER WITH ROB-BING THAN FIGHTING."

The dispatch, signed by A. T. Steele, goes on to say in part:

"War and high water have left terrible scars on this densely populated Yellow River plain. Hundreds of square miles of countryside have been obliterated by flood waters. Here in Chengchow, once prosperous city of 200,000, whole blocks have been leveled by Japanese bombs.

"Equally depressing is the spectacle of hundreds of looted shops and homes stripped bare by irresponsible Chinese soldiery."

While going on to comment at this time that the Chinese armies have shown marked restraint in contrast to the Japanese armies, a nice boost far from merited, the dispatch, passing the Chiang censor is allowed to say: "But certain of the irregular Chinese armies have proved exceptions to the rule. There is no argument as to which among the Chinese armies ranks lowest in the list. That doubtful distinction belongs unquestionably to the so-called Northeastern Army, made up chiefly of troops driven out of Manchuria (by the Japanese)

after the 'incident of 1931'. Their commander, the deposed Manchurian war lord, Chang Hsueh-liang, has been in technical custody—called 'soft custody' by the Chinese—since the kidnaping of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek at Sian."

The "soft custody" by the way embraced the complete freedom of "The Young Marshal" and his position at the side and in the counsel of Chiang with a whole division of his private army. The dispatch is further significant in that Chang Hsueh-liang is about to be made "the goat" of not only the Chinese army lootings but the loss of Shanghai and northern Shantung and the battles on the Lunghai railway, in all of which Chiang Kai-shek's troops figured prominently. This blaming of his reverses on his aides had so far saved Chiang Kai-shek from mounting criticism of his generalship against the Japanese and it was evidently deemed necessary by the Chengchow censors to give the Generalissimo a healthy alibi before not only the Chinese people but the world.

With the cunning of Cathay, Chiang Kai-shek never gave up a town before the Japanese until he first, before its fall, got out himself and then left some general against whom he nursed secret fear or grudge behind to bear the stigma of its loss. Now note our Chengchow censor allows this to go through to America:

"The Northwestern divisions failed in Manchuria, failed at Shanghai, failed in northern Shan-

tung and have now flopped again in the fighting on the Lunghai Railway. In each case they displayed much greater enthusiasm for looting than for fighting.

"Here in Chengchow, with the Japanese in hot pursuit only a few miles away, one of the Manchurian divisions reverted to type. It went on a rampage and gave the city a thorough working over in the best traditions of Manchurian banditry. Just when it seemed that the Japanese were about to occupy Chengchow, the dike of the Yellow River was breached (by the Chinese soldiers) and a torrent of turbid water cut across the path of the advancing (Japanese) army. Chengchow was safe and the visiting Chinese soldiers were able to give the business of looting their undivided attention. This went on for five days. . . . The frightened people of Chengchow, who fled at the approach of the Japanese, are trickling back to their bombed and looted homes."

The article does not state what the reaction of the people of Chengchow was to the looting by their own soldiery or whether the people did not feel that they would be far better off under Japanese military policing of their city than in the company of the free booter soldiery under Chiang Kai-shek.

It is left to the reader to judge also whether the people of Manchuria are not better off under the government Japan has assisted to establish there

than at the hands of the type of soldiers whom Japan drove out of that country and who are now engaged in pillaging in China.

This dispatch is quoted at length because it is seldom that the Chiang forces have let slip so much in damaging testimony to their conduct of affairs in China. They have been very careful and quite cautious and unusually skillful to the point where for nearly two years nothing really against them or showing their true picture has been printed in the foreign press. The result of course was that the average person outside of China and knowing nothing of China was given the impression that the men Japan was fighting were great patriots and leaders.

The dispatch does show, however, that the public relations bureau of Chiang Kai-shek was living up to its standard of being two jumps ahead of events and of laying down the proper barrage to off-set what was undoubtedly coming up, and would be damaging to them if not counteracted.

A striking instance of this is the airplane raid made by a Chinese ship on Japan. I was in China then and I saw it worked with infinite cleverness.

Suchow was about to fall, Shanghai had. Suchow's fall, coming so soon on top of Shanghai's, would have a disastrous effect on not only the morale of the people in China whom Chiang Kai-shek sought to win to his side, but on the waning government's credit abroad for munitions of war.

Dr. Kung had lately returned from Europe after painstakingly establishing these credits. Shanghai's loss had given some of the European bankers the jitters and it was only by the most encouraging kind of news sent out of Chinese "victories" and "Japanese disasters" that the wily Chiang Kai-shek, Dr. Kung and others had kept the good angels of their cause in the state of mind Dr. Kung had left them.

As the Japanese closed in on Suchow and that city's fall was but a matter of a few days, a hurried conference was called by Chiang Kai-shek and his propagandists. Something had to be done to offset the loss of Suchow. What? An idea was forthcoming. Just whose I do not know. But it was there, as big as life, and a brilliant one. Some credit it to Madame Chiang Kai-shek who has shown a gift for that sort of thing.

Something startling, something electrifying, something smashing must push the fall of Suchow to the Japanese out of the headlines and off the front page and give the world the impression that China was not being beaten but was coming back and fighting Japan off its feet or at least giving Japan as good as she was handing.

That something—what better?—would be a Chinese airplane raid of Japan. The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek had the world weeping over Japan air raids of cities and towns held by them. True they could have prevented

these raids or the loss of civilian life attendant on them by getting their troops and munition plants out of them or at least forcing civilian evacuation of these cities and towns, but the Japan raids nevertheless had made great propaganda capital for the Generalissimo and his government.

What better than to retaliate—to raid Japan? But that had been talked over many times before. No plane, with the weight of bombs, could escape the Japanese vigil, not even the Russian flyers who had succeeded the American and European flying soldiers of fortune. With the weight of bombs the plane would be forced to fly low enough to be seen. But why not without bombs? Without bombs, without weight, without weight a chance to fly high, thousands of feet, twelve, fifteen thousand feet above the clouds. Then Japan and what? Pamphlets, of course, a message to the people of Japan. It would serve three purposes—make the front page and headlines and push Suchow's fall inside the paper and into insignificance, give the world, the Christian world in particular, the impression that the Chinese war lords were a merciful lot and above the matter of dropping real explosives on cities and towns where the innocent would die; thirdly, throw a scare into the Japanese people.

It was then decided to send one plane, not two or three, or half a dozen planes, but one plane, and to tell the world, when the single plane came back,

if it did come back, that six of them had made the raid.

Accordingly, a proclamation to the people of Japan was secretly printed, and timing nicely the approach of the fall of Suchow, a lone plane set forth for Japan, flying high in the sky and above the clouds because it was not weighted with bombs. Anxiously the Chiang Kai-shek group awaited its return. The plane managed to fly high enough to elude the vigilance of the Japanese. It did not reach Japan proper. It did manage to reach the southernmost tip of Japan and to descend to the top of a lonely mountain and there the pamphlets were dropped and the lone raider returned safely.

The moment this plane landed—and it returned none too soon—the Chiang Kai-shek propagandists flashed the news to the world, but gilded it fancifully for its better effect. The press men were told six Chinese planes had raided deep into Japan, six Chinese planes loaded with bombs, reached Japan proper, flying low over Osaka, the great industrial city of Japan, the Chicago of Nippon, frightening the Japanese military and civilians alike almost to death, but—these six planes—in reality but one—had dropped not bombs—the lone plane carried no bombs actually—but pamphlets, tender, appealing messages to the “Japanese people” from the “Chinese people.” Suchow fell, crashed to the Japanese, but the Chiang Kai-shek propagandists had beaten Suchow’s fall to the

punch. Abroad, in America particularly, the headlines of the daily press screamed in black ink—"China Planes Raid Japan, etc." And Suchow, the strategic city of Suchow, its fall militarily sealing the doom of Chiang Kai-shek and his government, dropped inside the papers, was buried amid un consequential news, was read by not one tenth of the people who read the China plane raid of Japan.

The Japanese didn't know they had been "raided by a Chinese plane" until they read about it in the foreign papers. Several days later Japanese farmers came across the pamphlets on the lonely mountainside at the southern tip of their country and turned them over to the Gendarmes. In the International Settlement in Shanghai, the papers put out extras on the "raid" and while they sold like the proverbial hot cakes, the Chinese buying them, shrugged their shoulders and refused to believe it. Among the Chinese, Chiang Kai-shek has the reputation of being a great fibber and the Chinese people as a consequence are among the last to fall for the propaganda put out by his publicity bureaus if they fall. But in America men looked at one another and nodded seriously and said: "Serves them right—the Japanese have been raiding the Chinese cities, now the Chinese are raiding their cities."

It was a day or so later however that a real coup, the final thrust de luxe, was given. Madame Chi-

ang Kai-shek gave this one out herself. She made a confession. She told the foreign correspondents over tea what she said she knew the world, the Christian world, would be glad to know. People of many countries wondered, she said, why the six Chinese planes which had raided Japan did not rain death on the Japanese cities instead of pamphlets. Well she would tell the world why. It seemed, confided Madame, that several of the generals at the conference which preceded the air raid of Japan had advised and even insisted that the planes drop bombs on the Japanese cities, but that her husband, Chiang Kai-shek had risen to his feet and placing his hand on his bible, which Madame holds he always carries, he declared feelingly:

"This would not be a Christian thing to do. We must show the world that China is humane, that it cannot follow in the footsteps of the Japanese Barbarians and rain death upon innocent men, women and children."

And did it register? The civilized world sat up and wondered. China was civilized, it said. China was showing the world at a time when the world needed to be shown. Here was the ruler of the people of an invaded nation whose cities and villages had been bombed by their enemy from the sky and yet when his planes succeeded in raiding the enemy's country, he refused to allow them to do likewise. On a great wave of sympathy by that

clever press agenting Madame Chiang Kai-shek pulled the Suchow defeat and the fleeing armies of her husband out of the hole and gave them another lease on life. Munitions credits abroad were strengthened. China, as Dr. Kung had told me, had the sympathy of the world.

If this had been actually so, I would be the first to credit the Generalissimo with a great act, but I know it wasn't. I know it was propaganda. I know it was framed. I know why it was framed, how it was framed. When I returned from China and her grim battlefields and her skeletons of cities and towns I could not erase from my mind another picture, a picture of a rich politician and war lord and his clever wife, a picture of a general whose agents with one hand slew narcotic addicts, and with another sold their fellows drugs, a war lord who made fine speeches and promises for the betterment of his people and whose people starved as they paid tribute from their meager earnings to support his armies and keep him, his family and his henchmen in their splendid palaces.

I saw the butcheries and the pillaging of his troops among their own, the private executions of his enemies whom he feared and envied, the assassination of Lo Po Hong of Shanghai and so many others who gave unselfishly of themselves and their fortunes to bring order out of chaos and who died under bullet or knife at home or in city streets because they refused to adhere to the code of rule

or ruin of a despot and thought more of their country and their people than they did of their own lives or property. More than three thousand Chinese have been killed because they sympathised with the efforts of Japan to rid China of the Bolshevik and the War Lord, dying under the assassin and the executioner's hand from July 1937 to July 1938.

When the Red henchmen of Chiang Kai-shek struck down Lo Po Hong in the streets of Shanghai, they killed China's best friend, one of China's few sons who thought more of China than he did of himself. Rich, a philanthropist, a Catholic, he spent his life ministering to the poor, hospitals, homes for the aged, for the lepers, asylums for the mad, institutes for the waifs of China and the babes whom coolie mothers threw to the dogs in the alleys because there was no food to feed them. Lo Po Hong did all of this. Standing not far from the place where he met death and not long before he died though he must have known an assassin's bullet would bring him down before his work was done, Lo Po Hong, a saint if there ever lived one, the Vincent de Paul of his country, told me of China and her sufferings under men like Chiang Kai-shek.

The war stripped him of his wealth but he begged and borrowed funds to carry on his work of charity and then when the Japanese, seeking to bring order out of chaos, to lift Shanghai from

its pit of black despair and to feed the countless thousands who came flocking back into the city after the Chinese armies had fled, begging food, Lo Po Hong joined with the Nipponese in setting up a system for the distribution of food for the hungry and medicine for the sick.

It was then, behind the Chiang Kai-shek lines, that Lo Po Hong was marked for death. He had come under the shadow of the stealthy killers from Pootung because he was not a Communist, because he would not subscribe to their program of murder and robbery. Now that he worked by the side of the Japanese Red Cross to save thousands from death, they killed him. They cut him down as they have cut scores of others, before that time and since, in the reign of terror that Chiang Kai-shek, having been beaten in open battle, waged behind the lines.

In Shanghai, we called them terrorists. They were known as Communists. But in the reports sent out by the Generalissimo's press bureau, they were described as "patriots." I have seen their bombs, hand grenades hurtle death into crowds. They slipped into the city of millions disguised as coolies. They mingled among the crowds. When they saw the Chinese who was marked to die in the crowds of men, women and children, Chinese or foreigners, they hurled their bomb. When it exploded more than likely it missed their man but

killed and maimed the people around him. And the assassins fled.

The police of the Internationalist Settlement strove desperately to deal with them. Great red vans, loaded with armed guards, wearing steel helmets, roamed the streets, closing off the blocks, searching the crowds, finding here and there one of them armed for the quick death of a Chiang Kai-shek foe. The Japanese military dealt with them shortly. The Japanese, being Asiatics, had a better way of finding them. And in Japanese territory these assassins were few. But in the International Settlement of Shanghai they abounded like rats in an old and festering ship. Whenever the Japanese spotted them or pursued them and crossed that International Settlement line after the slayers, there was conflict with the police and soldiery of the foreign powers.

You have often read in the headlines of your American papers, news to the effect that our marines have defied or ejected Japanese police or soldiers in the International Settlement. You have perhaps thrilled with something of pride that "our boys" were showing "those Japs" where to "get off." But you would blush for something of shame if you knew the real facts. If you realized that a city the size of Shanghai was infested with roving bands of Communist assassins and that the International Guards had so far been unable to suppress them and that death lurked that night or in the

morning for one or more innocent people, perhaps Americans; if certain ones, spotted by the Japanese were caught, I say you might blush for shame if you knew our men stepped in, and out of something, perhaps false pride, blocked their impending captors and by so doing allowed the killers to escape.

CHAPTER V

WE foreigners and our governments, some of them intentionally, and because of money interests they fear will suffer if the powers lose full control in China, have enabled this war and bloodshed to go on in China by misplaced sympathy and official acts. The real people in China, the great mass of them who are sickened by war and persecution, would have had their peace if foreign nations and peoples had not interfered in China.

In every way some foreign powers and peoples have hindered Japan as she went about the business of breaking the war lord power on the backs of the Chinese people, and of bringing that country to stability and peace under a good and conservative government. I have talked to many Chinese who frankly told me that it is their earnest wish to see set up in China a conservative government opposed to Communism, opposed to war lord alliance; and they are free to confess that the Chinese people have been unable to do this of their own accord because of these bandit chieftains who have risen to power through the conquest of provinces by their private armies.

Only with the aid of Japan, they claim, can this be done as it was done in Manchuria. They point to Manchuria, now Manchoukuo, as an example of what Japan can do for China, or North China at least. The South of China on the whole even the Chinese of the better class despair of. The sole stability of South China, they admit, rests perhaps with Great Britain and her influence from Hong Kong. Red Russia will never dare go in there as long as Britain stands guard at the gates to Hong Kong. And the same, they often say, is true of the North. Japan alone can hold the war lords down, the Red Russia out.

The average man and woman believes that Manchuria has been sinned against, that Japan went in and gobbled the country. She went in there all right, but if you travel in Manchuria—Manchoukuo—you will find that Japan has so far played the role of Santa Claus there and that the Manchurians are very happy about it. Their old masters, Russia and China, were cruel taskmasters and they suffered under them. It was Japan that brought them peace and security, stability in government and business, built them railroads, cities and towns, hospitals and schools. Before Japan Manchuria was a pitiful sight in comparison to what she is today. And yet Manchuria could not have done this herself. Nor could she stand alone today under her own power. Both the Communists of Russia and the war lords of China would destroy

her. She would sink back into the sloth and decay she knew before Japan. And yet, despite the fact Japan has lifted Manchuria into a happy and contented state, our own government and other nations refuse to recognize her. Some day historians of the future will prove we were wrong. History is repeating itself in Asia and we are too stupid to know it. Or to see the handwriting on the wall.

By our policy, and the policy of other governments, largely influenced by Great Britain, who had the trade of the Orient all to herself before Japan came on the scene, we have upheld war lord rule, upheld graft and banditry, murder and intrigue in Manchuria and would uphold it in China today. If we did the right thing, we Americans would recognize the new government of Manchoukuo. By not recognizing it, by not giving it the encouragement it deserves, we are saying to the Manchurians:

“Abandon law and order, go back to war lord and bandit rule, don’t try to ride on good railroads or have good train service, use candles instead of electric lights, why go to hospitals when you are ill, call in the medicine men and the witch craft folks; when epidemics threaten, don’t insist on your families and their children being inoculated against disease; pay tribute to the gangster who comes around with the biggest gang, be a slave and a serf and live in mud huts. All these things Japan by setting up the Manchoukuo government has

done away with but you don't want to live like civilized people. True, Japan is progressive and has taken on the modern way of living with doctors and electric lights and trains and steam heat and things, modern housing, social service work and rot like that among the poor, but Japan is Japan and she is interfering with our friend John Bull's monopoly in business in China and it is better you Manchurians just forget you are human beings living in the twentieth century and go back and be a lot of half starved, unwashed coolies in mud huts and rags again.

"We would not care one way or another but if you Manchurians grow up and live as we do and get strong you are liable to be a bulwark or a first line of defense for the Japanese against Bolshevik Russia—anyway if you Oriental people want to be good friends with us western people, and this is Great Britain's idea really, not that we care particularly, but if you Oriental people want us to like you why just go on being coolies and let us civilized fellows exploit you just as much as we like—otherwise we won't be your friends."

There is in reality a feeling of keen resentment among many North Chinese and Manchurians over American and foreign attitude toward them in the relations of their countries with the Japanese. And even among the Chinese in North China and in territory held by Chiang Kai-shek and where Chiang Kai-shek can be said to have had something

of a hold on the imagination of his people, the American, or the foreigner at large, for that matter, is an intruding devil whom the Chinese do not like and whom some of them, so inclined, would as likely as not do away with when the opportunity should occur. The opportunity came at the time of the Boxer uprising and there have been many minor though bloody incidents since. In the Chinese armies this feeling is particularly rife. The average Chinese soldier is looking forward to the time when he can let loose and wipe out every "foreign devil" in China, the American among them.

It is an ironic thing to return from China, knowing the sentiments held by so many of them against our people and find in this country an almost maudlin sympathy for the Chinese. This is, of course, fostered and kept alive by propaganda and influence in general from many sources and the Chinese living in this country have aided it considerably but the Chinese born here, many of whom have never been to China, and know nothing of its life or their parent people, are really more patriotically Chinese than the Chinese of the homeland. I do not doubt that our Chinese born here are perfectly sincere and that they really believe, like the majority of our own people, that China is being invaded by a ruthless and ambitious conqueror. It is a pity they cannot look behind the scenes and know what is going on. Or

follow the vast sums of money which they have sent to the war lords for relief and munitions and see what becomes of it and how it is spent.

What a terrific shock it would be to them to know that in more than one instance this money found its way to the pockets of the war lord-generals in whose care it was entrusted and never reached relief or munitions in any quantity. It has been common knowledge that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been poured into China's air corps and that when the war started there was comparatively little to show for it. Where did all this money go? The Chinese, with others, smile and shrug their shoulders and remark "squeeze" which is their word for our graft. The story is bantered laughingly in Shanghai bars and Peking cafes of twenty-five thousand dollars sent from an American Chinatown to Nanking for the purchase of an airplane and of only five thousand dollars of the original money reaching its final destination. That is one of the reasons why there were no planes to meet the Japanese until more hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended and when a new air corps was made ready there were no Chinese aviators to speak of to man the ships. Princeling sons and nephews of war lords had been given the glory jobs with fine uniforms in the China aviation corps but they had not taken the trouble of learning to fly, or if they did, coolie mechanics had

learned the mechanism of their machines and not they themselves.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek leaped to front page glory in America and elsewhere by taking command of the Nanking air forces. Foreign flyers manned the machines. But Madame countermanded orders as fast as she gave them and with the corps in an uproar the foreigners quit and the Russians came in. The Russian air corps had the world's goat. Not even Japan was sure what the Soviets could do in the air. They had made some splendid and spectacular long distance flights and observers from foreign nations crowded the lines to watch their first performances.

The first Japanese aviators who went up to meet these Russians must have done so with some idea they were being martyred for the empire. But they did not shirk their task. The first minutes in the air were a revelation. These Russians were not so good as the Americans or the English or the French soldiers of fortune who had been fighting with Chiang Kai-shek. Their planes appeared to be all right, but the aviators themselves did not think fast enough. They could not "dog fight." They could not twist and turn and tumble and spin on a dime; all right on long distance but not good on acrobatic work and if you are to live and kill up there in the clouds you have to know how to duck the other fellow's fire and strike back at him as quickly. As fast as the Russian planes came

out the Japanese knocked them down. The Soviets, however, were gluttons for punishment. They sent more planes and more aviators but they kept from their own people the fact that they were being roughed badly by the Japanese. Other world powers knew it and marveled; at the same time, some of them heaved an intense sigh of relief, for, like the Chinese, the Russians had been bears on publicity and before their air force had been tested had bluffed and huffed and puffed to such an extent that they had their rivals in the jitters at what they would do in the sky when they once turned loose. It was no doubt a great relief to Japan to know that she was more than a match for the Soviet in the air. Within six months of the entrance of the Bolsheviks in the sky for China, the Nipponese had cleared the air lanes of them. Madame Chiang Kai-shek meanwhile was willing, and, at the same time, was forced to abandon her command of her husband's air fleet. There was no glory in bossing a losing job and besides the Bolsheviks refused to take orders from a lady. Madame stepped down and out just in time to save herself from the rap of commanding a failure.

I have been on a battlefield in China and watched the Japanese and Russians fight over my head. I have seen the Russians clumsily try to escape the Japanese net in the clouds. And I have watched the Soviet planes scream in flames to their destruction on the ground below. One fight, be-

tween three Japanese planes, and five Soviet planes, lasted little more than eight minutes. It was fierce and short. Three of the Soviets crashed. Their fellows raced away in flight, the three Japanese planes hot on their tails. The Japanese tell me they have the American automobile to thank for their success in this war both on land with the mechanized forces and in the air with their planes. In Tokyo are to be found the best taxi drivers and chauffeurs in the world. What will be perhaps the world's best flyers will come from these drivers. In China the Japanese have demonstrated they are no duds in the air. For years, since the world war, when a corps of them studied flying, and were slow to learn, the Japanese were given the reputation of being poor aviators. European army officers told me the Japanese never would learn to fly. But like everything else they have tackled the Nipponese have finally mastered the art and science of aviation. The Chinese are quick to learn and as quick to forget. The Japanese may be said to be slow to learn, but they never forget what they have learned. And it must be remembered that all this is something pretty new to them. It was less than eighty years ago that the Nipponese came out into the world and learned to play the westerner's game. They've done very nicely, thank you, for which, incidentally, they have been given little credit and earned no end of animosity from their former teachers. Behind a lot of this propaganda and

hatred for Japan is the jealousy of the nations that resented her learning their lessons too quickly.

Moscow knows that Japan has learned her secret, her weakness in the air and that her bluff is no longer as good as it used to be. There remains her gigantic Red Army about which much has been written and said, a highly publicised arm of her service and on which her sole hopes now rest. It will be recalled that in recounting the kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek at Sian by Chinese Reds at the instigation of Russian Reds that I told how the Soviet at the time had given assurances of entering with China on a war against Japan if China would start it. There is no doubt that Russia intended at the time to keep her promise, but Stalin found, to his consternation, that not only did revolution threaten his dictatorship at home but that his widely heralded Red Army, its generals and officers could not be depended on. It became, almost overnight, an impossibility for Russia to keep her promise. Besides things had not turned out so well in Spain where Russia with her program of the Third Internationale for world revolution had been stalled if not stopped. Had the so-called Loyalists beaten Franco and established a Soviet after Stalin's liking, his rule at home would have been strengthened, but the reverses in Spain had weakened him in the eyes of his own commands and he entered upon a bloody purge which took the lives of some of his best army chiefs and the

lives of not only scores of his lesser officers but literally thousands of his men, soldiers and peasants alike. With blood and iron he held down the revolt at home and did not dare join China openly against Japan.

Japan, having discovered the Soviet's weakness in the air, began to feel out the vaunted Red Army on the Siberian-Manchoukuo-Korean borders. Manchoukuo had been reared as a buffer state against Russia. And Korea had long been an arm of defense in that direction. Now it remained to be seen of what mettle this Red Army consisted. For many months there had been shadow boxing on the banks of the Amur but it remained for the hill at Changkufeng to reveal the facts. While the World was told and generally believes that Russia won out in the fighting at Changkufeng, the facts are that the Japanese licked the Soviet to a standstill in these engagements while not actually taking the offensive. The Soviet was on the spot and Stalin had to save his face and while the Moscow propaganda mills lied to their own people and the world about what was going on, putting themselves in almost heroic light, the Nipponese were taking them gleefully for a real ride. Stalin, knowing his Red Army was being felt out by the Japanese, and that foreign nations, among them Germany and Italy, were watching the results, put the cream of his Red Army in front of the Japanese. They had orders that they must take

the disputed hill, from which they had been unceremoniously thrown off, at all costs and that the very honor of the Red Empire of the Proletariat, etc., etc., was at stake on the showing they would make. How many men they lost is a matter of conjecture and will never be known but it is certain that the Japanese waited and watched and let them have it when they saw the "whites of their eyes." They did not recover the hill. In fact they never got close enough to do it although the Japanese actually coaxed them to come on and take the steel. The steel is a measure of the private's ability to "take it." The Japanese proved themselves on the bayonet with the highly dramatized and publicized Big Swordsman of China but the Russian Reds on the few occasions in which they met the Nipponese bayonet to bayonet fell back in confusion. By stature, I have seen them, many of these Red soldiers are giants, well over six feet, raw and big boned, but they are clumsy, slow witted peasants, poor devils whose fathers and themselves have been the pawn of Czars and Dictators, for centuries. Towering over their Japanese foes in physical height, these Red soldiers of Stalin when they met them winced and quit, fell back and ran.

Stalin was laboring under no delusion on the front he was putting up with the Japanese on the Manchoukuo-Korea and Siberian borders. For months he had massed his best troops there and in

strategic places had built strong fortifications and pill boxes, but the Japanese had the unhappy faculty, for him, of shifting themselves about in such manner that his line of defense, or offense, whichever it might prove to be, was always left open. The outcome of the Changkufeng fighting was a bitter disillusion to Stalin and his Council and a real fright to them. Out of the raw boned material of the Russian peasantry and factory workers Stalin had hoped to rear a mighty army, not only in numbers, but in actual fighting ability. The execution of staff and line officers by the scores had taken what brains and ability his army had. These men could not think for themselves. The purge told and the Japanese knew it.

I have seen the Manchoukuon and Korean armies of Japan both in the bleak, stinging cold of winter and the blinding heat of summer: they are the finest body of fighting men to be found in the world. Their life is and has been a hard one. They have been drilled in a rigorous climate. And they are the flower of Nippon, boys of 18 and 20. In China the bulk of Japanese soldiers has been men militarily old, 35 and 40. The youth have been saved and trained for Russia, for the day when the Soviet must make accounting for its interference in China, for its attempt to strangle Japan there. Japan knows that so long as the Soviet exists so long will the Red menace hang over Asia like an ugly storm cloud. Russia fears that Japan,

knowing her weakness, may strike, when, she does not know, but you may be sure Russia would have struck first, while Japan was warring in China, if Russia felt she could do so successfully. It is the revolution that impends at home, the purge draining the life blood of that country's brain power, the failure of the Soviet air forces against the Japanese in China, the poor showing made by the Red Army against the Nipponese on the Siberian borders that ties the hands of Stalin and gives Japan the chance, unmolested or annoyed, to clean up a nasty mess in China, to restore there a rightist, conservative, anti-communist government, taking the place of the old war lord regime under which, since the revolution, China has suffered as keenly as she did under the corrupt empire.

Japan feels that she has this job ahead of her that must be done if she is to save not only herself but China and China she knows she must save from the chaos of Bolshevism if she is to have a great neighbor market to her south. That is why in Japan you will see unity that neither China nor Russia has. China has long proved she cannot stand upon her own feet. It is either a dominant Red Russia or a dominant capitalistic Japan. The Japanese are the bulwark, the stone wall against Bolshevism in Asia. The responsibility they have accepted, feeling it as their own. The Western nations, the Japanese believe, have failed in their mission in the Orient. They have bled China, not

resurrected her; they were content to allow the Chinaman to live in ignorance and poverty and to take the riches from his lands. The irony is that while these Western nations are opposed to Japan, feeling that Japan is to interfere with their long years of grab and spoil, they do not take into consideration the fact that if Japan should be defeated, the Soviet would close the door of China trade to all nations and keep this rich treasure house to herself under the red banners of Communism.

CHAPTER VI

WITH Japan dominant in the affairs of North China, these western powers, if they behave themselves and act decently, will have a chance to do business in the Orient; but I venture to say if they continue in the policy they have pursued, of hindering Japan and giving comfort to her enemies, red and otherwise, the time will come when Japan is master, when she will say: "Go and do business elsewhere. You would have destroyed what we have saved from destruction; now you cannot enjoy the fruits of our labors." It is only natural, what England or America or any other nation would do under the circumstances, that, after dragging China out of the Red chaos, and striking the chain of war lord rule and graft from her that Japan will seek to defray the cost of this war, and will be given, by right of her position, concessions that otherwise Britain and other powers, helping Chiang Kai-shek, would have taken if Chiang Kai-shek had won; the pledges his ministry made to certain European powers for munition credits would, as we have said, impoverished his country and his people for many generations. Japan on the other hand will

build and better as she has done in Korea and Manchuria and here is where the little old United States of America comes in.

Behind the armies of Japan moving across China against the retreating war lord and Red, I saw engineers and builders laying plans for railroads and highways, for factories and for plants, for cities and for towns that have been destroyed in the rush of war. Behind this move in China I saw one of the most gigantic movements of modern times, the development of Manchuria, an empire to be likened to our early West. To complete this, Japan needs agricultural instruments, railroad supplies, a thousand and one things that are turned out of the factories of the western nations. And that, she will get, once firmly on top, from some country. This can be our own.

If America wakes up and ceases to be the pawn of another nation's propaganda she can have this business. In my travels through Japan I found the kindest of feeling for Americans, the highest admiration for us but at the same time, a hurt and puzzled surprise among many Japanese that without question, without seeking to understand we had allowed ourselves to be victimized by enemy propaganda and to generally take sides against her.

The Japanese people are really at a loss to quite understand this attitude which we have taken. They owe much to America. They acknowledge

this. They owe much to America in that their young men have been educated here and have adopted many of our ways of living and of doing business. Of all the foreign nations, we are more akin to the Japanese in their eyes. They like us. There is no doubt of that. But do we like them? Can we like them? Can we understand the Japanese? I believe we could if we tried, if we wanted to, if we would stop and think and balance the things we read. If we did this, opportunities would open to us in the Far East, for trade and commerce that would prove an immense boon, for whether we like it or not, whether other nations like it or not, Japan is coming out on top of the pile in Asia. There is no stopping her. The Japanese do not know the meaning of the word failure.

There are certain other nations who do not want us to get along with Japan. They are afraid if we did we would fall heir to the business and the trade which Japan will be in a position to throw our way and the first interests of these certain nations is to have that trade themselves.

Shortly after the start of the Sino-Japanese undeclared war there was every indication that a great European power with huge financial stakes in China wanted us to go in and pull their chestnuts out of the fire. By subtle propaganda, we Americans were being framed to go in and do this nation's dirty work. The Panay incident almost completed this job. But Japan promptly apolo-

gized, paid indemnity. For a time the sinking of the Panay was Russia's and England's and Chiang Kai-shek's great hope. The surest and simplest answer to the oft repeated charges that the Japanese planned the sinking of the Panay is that the catastrophe played for the moment right into the hands of Japan's worst enemies.

Japan was genuinely sorry over the Panay sinking. She has since been trying to avoid by every means a repetition of it. But this country and other foreign powers have not taken precautions against its repetition. We and they have sent our gun boats nosing between the lines of Japanese and Chinese fire, we have allowed a handfull of stubborn nationals to remain in the danger zones, we would allow a few people by their folly to drag our nation into the fight. Individually, if we saw a gang fight across the street, we would not rush into it to see who was getting hit. Under the circumstances, we might be hit ourselves. But internationally, we thrust ourselves into the danger zone. I happen to know that to save anything like the Panay sinking happening again, or the injury of American nationals the Japanese have sacrificed the lives of many of their soldiers by uncovered and roundabout moves. And while these Japanese soldiers are sacrificed on the altar of this precaution on the part of their government, we and others persist in aggravating the situation. The Panay incident was brought on largely by the Chinese war

lords themselves, their penchant for flying foreign flags over their retreating troops and ships. Also, it is not generally known the Panay was convoying at the time two Standard Oil tankers loaded with gasoline for the Chinese air bases. Not that it actually made any difference. The Standard Oil tankers were American ships and as there had been no actual declaration of war our ships had a perfect right, of course, to carry gas to the Chinese bombing planes. However, common sense tells us the danger. Even with this, and had they known it, the Japanese certainly would not have risked intervention and trouble with this country and played so frankly into the hands of their enemies. The wisdom of our government and the common sense and surprising understanding of our people on the whole saved us from going to war and sinking Asia eventually into the pit of a Communistic hell.

Japan is and has been straining every nerve to hold peace with this country and that in face of the most vicious and insidious propaganda here against her. For one thing, there was launched in this country a boycott against her goods. The impression was given out, and is generally believed by the average American, that Japan has been flooding our markets with cheap goods. As a matter of fact, and statistics from our own commercial bureaus in Washington, D. C., bear this out, Japan has been a better customer, a bigger buyer from us than we have been to her. In comparison to the business

we have been doing with China, Japan, so far as our business with her is concerned, at our end of the line in exports, ranks high. Japan, incidentally, is our third best foreign customer. The boycott of Japanese goods in America may have a serious effect on our own industrial system, no doubt will. It was originally inspired and is still kept alive by the Communistic elements in this country, encouraged by the Chiang Kai-shek propagandists and certain foreign countries which, as I have said, would like to see America and Japan kept apart.

A continuation of this senseless boycott movement means we will "cut off our noses to spite our faces." It means that the boycott in reality is a boomerang which will in time strike us. It would breed an economic war besides, at the start, losing us an immense export trade to Japan which we have so far enjoyed. Merchant, farmer, capitalist and laborer in this country would eventually feel it. Japan has been buying almost as much from the United States as the entire twelve South American countries put together. In the year 1937, Japan bought \$288,377,000 worth of goods from us and South American countries \$318,384,000. Great Britain and Canada alone among the powers of the world are the only nations buying more from us than Japan. Japan, in fact, buys more goods from the United States than China, and all the rest of Asia with the Philippines, Java, Ba-

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tavia, Borneo and Sumatra combined. Some years have shown that for every dollar we paid to Japan, Japan has paid \$20 to the United States. Japan bought 41 per cent more from the United States in 1937 than she sold this country.

When you hear the talk of boycotting Japanese goods recall these figures:

1936—Japan

U. S. sells to Japan.....	\$204,186,000
U. S. buys from Japan.....	172,395,000

Total U. S. Business with Japan.....	<u>\$376,581,000</u>
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U. S. favorable balance of trade with Japan.....	\$ 31,791,000
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1936—China

U. S. sells to China.....	\$ 46,535,000
U. S. buys from China.....	73,352,000

Total U. S. Business with China.....	<u>\$119,887,000</u>
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U. S. unfavorable trade balance with China.....	\$ 26,817,000
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The year of 1937 is still more enlightening.

1937—Japan

U. S. sells to Japan.....	\$288,377,000
U. S. buys from Japan.....	204,201,000

Total U. S. Business with Japan.....	<u>\$492,578,000</u>
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U. S. favorable balance of trade with Japan.....	\$ 84,176,000
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1937—China

U. S. sells to China.....	\$ 49,697,000
U. S. buys from China.....	103,616,000

Total U. S. Business with China.....	<u>\$153,313,000</u>
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U. S. unfavorable balance of trade with China.....	\$ 53,919,000
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The American favorable trade balance with Japan increased approximately \$52,385,000 in 1937 over 1936, an increase of 164 per cent. The American unfavorable trade balance with China in that time increased \$27,202,000 or ten percent.

Foreign trade can be said to be the life blood of industry. It is a thing based on mutual benefits. No country can escape the effects of stopping an import trade. Our principal imports from Japan are not more than ten per cent competitive. From Japan we have been importing raw silks, tea, pyrethrum, camphor and general merchandise. We cannot buy the silk we have been getting from Japan elsewhere. The silk industry in the United States is an American industry with American capital invested and American labor employed. If we stop buying silk from Japan we strike directly at ourselves. In a recent year the United States imported \$90,000,000 worth of raw silk from Japan. This raw silk went into finished goods here, its retail sales approximately \$580,000,000. More than \$500,000,000 of American capital is invested in that industry in this country. More than 250,000 Americans are employed in the silk industry. Indirect employment is given to a quarter of a million more workers in the transportation, the distribution, the merchandising of that industry. For every ten cents in raw silk this country spends with Japan, a product is manufactured which sells for approximately 70 cents. If through the influ-

ence of others who have not our real interests at heart we were to really boycott silk from Japan, the silk manufacturers in this country would have to close down a \$580,000,000 industry, equal in itself to five sevenths of the entire American investment in the Far East. In cotton, too, we stand to lose heavily, for Japan buys the greatest amount of raw cottons from this country. Raw cotton is first in American farm imports. During 1935 to 1936, 25 per cent of all the cotton imported from this country went to Japan. In 1936-37 Japan took 28 per cent of all the cotton we exported, 12 per cent of the entire United States cotton crop reaching in value \$106,365,000. The Japan market is a vital asset to the American cotton farmer.

Our cotton is dependent on foreign markets. It is the leading agricultural industry in the United States. At one time, Europe was our great cotton market. The rise however of the cotton textile industry in the Far East shifted world production across the Pacific. Practically all of the American cotton sent to the Far East is consumed by Japanese mills. The advance in Japan exports of cotton textiles has naturally increased the Japanese demand for foreign cotton and enriched the American cotton farmer. The increased demand from Japan for American cotton overbalances any losses in American cotton textile exports. Not only the Southern farmer, but the California cotton grower would suffer if Japan struck back and did not buy

our cotton. The Californian exports 80 per cent of his crop to Japan. Japan always buys deeply into our lumber market. It is all very well for foreign powers and foreign influences in our midst to encourage us to boycott Japanese goods, but is there any remedy these powers and influences can put forth to fill the gap and close the breach if Japan, boycotted by us, decides to stop buying goods from us. These false friends of ours are and have been only too quick to take advantage of any foreign trade we lose and there is no doubt that after getting us in bad with the Japanese they would take the business we sacrificed for themselves. I have heard salesmen from other countries who walking into Japanese offices and putting their hands on American typewriters with which Japanese business houses abound say laconically: "Why buy American goods when the Americans are not your friends? Now we have just as good typewriters as the Yankees. . . ." Our third best customer abroad is Japan. We stand to lose her if we do not understand her and her people, if we listen to false prophets. Japan has been lied about and we have not taken the pains to find it out.

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CHAPTER VII

ONE of the outstanding fabrications against Japan that has even found its way into the archives of foreign governments, was made much of at the Geneva conferences and is bantered now and then across luncheon tables and at civic talks by speakers, official and otherwise, who should know better and could if they took the pains; one of the outstanding fabrications is that Japan has encouraged and fostered the use of dope, first in Manchuria and then in North China.

In my early years as a newspaper reporter in San Francisco, I followed on the line of my work the narcotic trails of the underworld, from the Orient to the shores of America and down into the Chinatowns of our country. And in later years in China and Manchuria I probed into its sources of production and distribution. To begin with, no one, of recent years, has ever taught a Chinaman to use hop. A lot of them have been most adept at it. It was not entirely their fault either, that is, the masses of dope users in China. The war lords, the soldier-politicians saw to that. It was part of their recognized income for a long time. Not a few of

the war lords, the generals in command of divisions, actually used the stuff, smoked opium as a habit and a fad, and many correspondents in the Manchurian wars, when the Japanese were coming in and running the war lords to cover, tell of the Chinese generals being disturbed at their pipes of opium to hear reports of how their battles were going.

Chiang Kai-shek, particularly in his earlier years, was credited with being one of the biggest dealers in opium if not a user of it. And even up to the start of the present incident he is said to have cached away huge quantities of it. Yet in the years 1937 and 1938, when Chiang Kai-shek was in the heyday of his press agency and popularity in the United States and some other parts of the world, there were widely publicized executions of miserable coolies by his soldiery and the soldiery of some of his war lord aides, especially in Peking, coolies who were "caught" using opium. I have seen them die, kneeling fatefully, against the little adobe wall outside Peking, while the soldiers stepped up behind them and popped their brains out, the victims falling forward on their faces, their hands bound behind their backs. It did make good publicity, dreadful publicity for the outside world, true, but it spread the idea now deeply implanted in the minds of many people that the "new government" was determined to stamp out the traffic

in narcotics, even at the sacrifice of lives of people who used it.

A morbid crowd of Chinese witnessed the execution of their wretched fellows and upon their minds these executions were supposed to have a deterrent effect, but as a matter of fact no sooner had the shootings taken place and the crowds returned to their homes than agents of the very war lords and officials who had ordered the executions were scurrying over the city selling narcotics to the people. Thus in a few weeks another batch of "smokers" would be rounded up and shot and pictured as they died for the press abroad, among them no doubt some of the more recent buyers. But the business of dope went on and it went on through the agencies of the very officials who were being advertised as stamping out its use by death.

Manchuria, before the Japanese came in, was flooded with dope. Its manufacture and use was widespread and even officially recognized, but no record, no statistics were ever made of its manufacture and consumption. When the war lords were run out and the Japanese began the structure of the new Empire of Manchoukuo and put a prince of Manchurian blood on the throne, the first thing the Nipponese did was to go about the work of getting an official record of the narcotic traffic. This, mind you, was the first ever made in Manchuria and when it was complete it showed astounding depravity, the result of years of usage.

Along with records of births, of buildings, of hospitals, of housing, of governmental departments for the bringing about of law and order and security and stability the Japanese proudly published to the world their findings, but the world at large, particularly at Geneva and in the United States, took little heed of how many schools and hospitals, etc., the Japanese were rearing, but pounced with something like savage glee on the statistics of dope in Manchuria. These enemies of Japan, for they were nothing more, and could not be under the circumstances of their attacks, hailed to the world their "new findings."

The statistics painstakingly gathered by the Japanese in Manchuria with an idea of getting a start on stopping the traffic and use of dope in that country were used against the Japanese by these fault finders, one of them an actual delegate at Geneva, who had once sold typewriters in Japan and for some reason or another been thrown out of that country as a nuisance. To their astonishment and somewhat hurt, the Nipponese found their own work of rehabilitation turned against them. The Japanese are poor propagandists. Instead of hitting back, they sulked. If the Western world could not see what they were doing, it could go to blazes. Their very silence was taken by millions of readers of scare head articles as proof positive of their guilt.

Now the Chinese, or the Chiang Kai-shek crowd,

took it up. Reeking with dope themselves, actually trafficking in it, they gave forth a plaintive plea to the world that Japan was seeking to break the spirit and the morale of their nation by encouraging the Chinese to smoke opium and use heroin and cocaine. To the foreigners in China who knew the situation this was a laugh, but to the Nanking government, it was an escape for a crime that threatened eventually to catch up with it and good propaganda and publicity against the Japanese. Through a rare trick and chance that was in reality a golden opportunity, the Japanese whom the war lords hated, were being blamed by the world for their own high crimes. I have heard the chief of police of my native city, a splendid fellow, who had been deluded by this lie, get up before a body of business men and charge the Japanese with flooding China with narcotics and sending a lot of the dope into this country.

The Japanese, like any other nationality, have their hard characters who are not averse to trafficking in anything be it women or dope and a comparatively few of these did get into Manchuria early after the Nippon occupation, veritable camp followers, like our own carpet baggers in the South after the Civil War, and these ruffians did, as the Japanese will admit, take up some of the dope trade where the China war lords had left off, but the Japanese police and military began to hunt and track them down and it fared hard with them

when they were caught. They were comparatively few, however, and certainly not enough in number or the quantity of their trade to blame the Japanese nation and government for foisting the dope habit on two nations.

Good men and women over the world nevertheless, held up their hands in horror and told you that Japan, beside conquering poor China, was forcing the people of that country to smoke opium. As a matter of fact, Manchuria as Manchoukuo, sponsored by Japan, is a great improvement over what it was under Chinese and Russian rule. The ungodly fear of the people of that country has been that Japan would leave them to the mercy of their former masters, that Manchuria would again be thrown open to the rape of the war lords and the ravishment of bandits. It was the original idea of Japan, and still is, to make of Manchuria a country so prosperous and peaceful and contented that North China would welcome trade and commerce with Nippon.

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CHAPTER VIII

IF we wish seriously to study this situation in the Far East and what is really going on, we should analyze particularly the character of the two peoples—the Chinese and the Japanese, look upon them as a whole and in their lives as nations. To begin with, a careful analysis is bound to give most of us a shock. We have been told at the start that the Chinese is an honest fellow and that the Japanese is not. I will take you back some sixty years to the beginning of that fable. When our grandfathers were children there appeared in the American geographies a simple paragraph or two to the effect that Japanese businessmen employed Chinese to take care of their books and accounts because they, the Japanese, could not trust their own countrymen. The contrary is and has been true. Even to this day, to the start of the war between China and Japan, Chinese houses have Japanese cashiers in many, many instances and Japanese houses seldom, if ever, have Chinese bookkeepers. This silly story appearing in the American geographies and read by our grandfathers when they were children was passed down through generations, and while it

is probably out of print in the school books of today, it is generally believed.

When you are in the Orient and buying from a Chinese merchant you expect many prices for the same thing and you do not, if you have lived in the Orient, give the Chinese what he originally asked. Instead, you bargain and dicker and wrangle with him and he comes down, down in his price until if you buy the article you do so at one third or one fourth the price. Life in China has been a bitter struggle for hundreds of years. Money has become the god to most of its people.

Now if you are in Japan and dealing with a Japanese merchant, you soon learn that he has fixed one price originally for the article he has to sell and that if you wish it you pay it. There is no beating him down, cutting that price. The price has been as a rule fairly fixed with a fair margin of profit. It stands.

If you have a business deal in China you must get reputable signatures affixed and have the deal consummated within the jurisdiction of safe courts, courts within some international territory; otherwise, in your dealing with the average run of Chinaman, your business agreement is worth nothing. It is not enough that you have the right on your side. You must also have the law, if there is a law, or, better, force. Then your point will be won.

With the average Japanese you need on the

whole not even a signature to your contract. His word is as good as the proverbial bond. There are exceptions, of course, as there would even be in China, but in the general run of Japanese, a word given is a word kept with honesty, practically a national characteristic. This can certainly not be said of China.

Take again the personal habits of the Chinese as a whole and the Japanese. A vast majority of the great population of the Chinese do not bathe once a year if then. The Japanese, rich and poor, high and low, noblemen, businessmen, laborers, soldiers, bathe once, if not twice, a day. The Japanese are scrupulously clean; the Chinese are not. Even their homes show it. The average Chinese home is filthy; the average Japanese house is spotless. No matter how humble, it shines. In China, millions never take off their clothes through the winter and when spring comes and the quick heat of summer rises they strip off their padded clothing, pawn it and go half naked. The clothing is piled high in store houses, unwashed and reeking with vermin, until the sharp cold of fall and the sting of approaching winter, when mobs come and buy, willy nilly, the clothing others pawned in the spring.

It is this unsanitary habit of a nation that creates the epidemics of typhus and cholera and other plagues that yearly cost the lives of tens of thousands, yet ancient China breeds on; its children,

born into the world every year by the millions, to die, or to starve on to miserable maturity, old men at 40, old women at 30.

The Japanese have some of the finest doctors and hospitals in the world. With an unsanitary neighbor at their elbow they are waging a constant fight against epidemics, they are vaccinating and inoculating the ignorant Chinese masses who come under the zone of their influence as well as their own people, vaccinating and inoculating them in many cases against their will. At Mukden, the Japanese are training 600 Koreans, Manchurians and Chinese to be doctors in what is probably the largest and finest medical school in the world, preparing to send out an army of medicos behind their own vanguard of physicians and surgeons to save slothful China from herself.

Before I went into plague-infested areas in China where death struck down the westerner as quickly as bullets, I could always find a Japanese hospital or doctor somewhere, who cheerfully inoculated me regardless of whether I was of his own race or not. The Chinese were given the same service. Yet the peoples and nations of the west in their blind prejudice of the Nipponese have never taken the pains to know what Japan is really doing for civilization in the Far East. These nations, aside from some of their missionaries, cared not a whit whether the Chinese or the Manchurians died of cholera or of typhus or of any one of the

numerous ills to which the Orient is heir but dragged on through the years, taking from those countries its gold and trade. The Japanese, however, did care, and they have done more to stamp out these plagues or to hold them in check with their corps of doctors and nurses and their modern medicine and sanitation than any other country in the world.

In China, the child is in hell, the child is given away or sold in slavery if a girl. Japan, on the other hand, is a child's paradise. In Japan it is a crime to strike a child. There are foreign institutions in China devoted to the care of abandoned babes who otherwise would die of heat or cold or starvation. Babies born but a few hours are laid ruthlessly in the road sides or at the doors of charitable institutions or are thrown into rivers when there are too many of them in the family to feed. In Japan where the ambition is to have many children, the poorest family will deny itself that it might care for another little son or daughter. I often wish people whom I hear condemn Japan could see and know this, could witness the lives of children in both Japan and China and compare them. A nation good to children has much to commend it to the world at large.

I have seen little girls led by old women through the streets of China cities and bartered to any man who had the price of a few coppers. I have seen these children stare in wide-eyed wonder at the

men who came to look upon them and shrink in mute terror as they laid their hands upon them. I will never forget the scream of a child of ten or less as a ragged old man with great sores on his body, having paid the child's keeper, clawed her feverishly into a doorway of an evening and there began to maul her like a wolf while the old woman who made a living from her stood in the street and spat angrily, muttering to herself through toothless gums. And this in the day of the so-called enlightened republic and in the zone of influence and under the mayoralty of a henchman of the Chiang Kai-shek who was press-agented into heroic stature in America.

To a large degree the average Chinese you meet in and out of his country is an affable rascal, likeable on the whole, a good mixer when the occasion demands, winning your affection and learning easily your language and therefore the more able to break down the barriers of race. You can never tell just what he is thinking about no matter how long you have lived with him. But you do learn to know that when he smiles he may not mean it. The Japanese in contrast is a poor mixer, is reserved and non-communicative until he knows you and is likely to give the foreigner on first meeting the impression that he is sullen and does not like him. He is by nature suspicious and he must know you before he likes you and trusts you. But you can always, as a rule, depend upon him. He is not

deceptive. Like the average American, the Japanese is a poor linguist and the majority of Nipponese, as with the average American, has a most difficult time in mastering another's language. This defect in Japan, however, is being remedied. There are many English schools in Tokyo and other Japanese cities and the Japanese now use English with which to converse with Chinese, Germans, Italians and Frenchmen. Some of the Japanese, even those who have not been to America or England, and have never left Japan speak excellent English. There are many cases still, however, where the English learned and spoken in Japan is far from perfect and most difficult to understand.

The Japanese is proud. And he is wounded easily. That pride reaches down to the lowest worker. The Chinese may have pride but he does not show it or allow it to interfere with his relations with the foreigner. Westerners in the Orient have openly abused the Chinese and I have seen him take it smilingly. But not so with the Japanese. A harsh word or a blow and the Japanese will retaliate in kind. He will give as good as he will take; he will not brook insult or injury without coming back and defending himself. It is this that has made him unpopular with that type of westerner in the Orient who is fond of lording it over the Asiatics. The Chinese have brought much of this abuse by foreigners upon themselves through the fact that with them kindness and

courtesy to which through generations they have been stranger even among their own people is taken as a weakness or subjection. The Englishman, particularly, has learned this in dealing with them and other eastern peoples, but it does not apply to the Japanese.

The American, with all his faults, is a democrat at heart and extends his democracy to all nationals with whom he comes in contact. When he yields to the average Chinese, is kind and gentle and courteous, instantly he is taken for a weakling, a man with little heart or position or importance in the world and the Chinese takes advantage of him. The Japanese returns kindness for kindness, courtesy for courtesy. He is by nature courteous. He is born to it. It is as natural to him as wearing a hat and he appreciates it if not demands it from others. He must know you and like you and trust you though before you can ever know or like and trust him. Otherwise there is a wall of reserve constantly between you. Of course, where the Japanese speaks your language, has lived in your country, met your kind, the breach between you is bridged the more easily. And both of you come to a comparatively quick understanding. From my observations both in this country and abroad the Japanese gets along better with the American than he does with any other nationality once the two know each other. There is, when they become acquainted, a common bond. Both are alert, both are

aggressive, both are impatient of slothfulness and both are the champion bathers of the world. To begin with, there is that bond of personal cleanliness between them. And the Japanese likes American ways. Tokyo is a super-modern American city where the American instantly is at home.

The Chinese have a contempt for our modern civilization though their own, once great, has crumbled into the dust of misery and despair. The Japanese admires it and has taken from it while retaining and keeping alive his own cultures and traditions. It is the fight now of Japan to balance the two for in the ancient Japanese life there is much that we could take from and benefit by. The Japanese were by no means a lot of primitives when we invited them to come out into the world and do as we were doing. They had an ancient empire, a government and a social and home life, with arts, drama and music and painting which should and will be kept alive. They had a code of honor, a fine and a high honor before we ever fraternized with them. China had hers too but she allowed it to decay. "Squeeze" in China has dominated that nation's life to the detriment of government and of business. There are no trans-oceanic Chinese ship lines. There was one. The United States Government put it out of business because it carried more narcotics smuggled in the holds of its ships than it did passengers. Japan spans the world with the finest ships afloat, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, with

luxurious passenger and fast freight services reaching into every country touched by the oceans. China is regarded by the world as a nation of peaceful philosophers and scholars, yet, as a matter of fact, the chief business of China even before the coming of the Japanese has been war. China had and has one of the largest standing armies of the world. There is no doubt the vast majority of people in China would prefer peace, but their politicians and war lords will not let them enjoy it. It is these politicians and war lords that Japan warred upon, not the people, a thing our own America and other nations would have done well to have borne in mind.

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CHAPTER IX

THE Japanese in their migration to this country have caused us little or no trouble. In fact the animosity in California arose against them because they worked too hard and too long in the agricultural fields. And thereby competed with labor. That was some years ago. Before that, for many years, the Chinese came in for a general panning on the part of the California public at large. This was due, not from the fact that they worked too hard, and competed with labor, although in the very early days of the Golden State, the fifties and sixties, they did enter the mines and brought down on their heads the wrath of the white labor; this was due, especially later, not to the fact that, like the Japanese, they worked too hard and too long, but because of their tong warfare, their tong killings and their tong dealings in dope.

During twenty years of newspaper life, I had much to do with the Chinese in the Chinatowns of California and came to know them very well. I covered their tong wars and followed the trail of their highbinder killings and of their slave girl and dope operations, little realizing at the time, as I was to learn later in living and traveling over the

Orient, that these tong affairs were but manifestations of their national life at home.

The crowded quarters and narrow alleys of these Chinatowns in San Francisco and other cities, the dark dens and cellars that were the Chinese abodes through which I wandered in search of stories in those newspaper days not so long ago were but a reflection of the narrow and crowded city streets in China and the hovels in which the countrymen of these immigrants lived. A few years, the birth of a new generation of Chinese, born in this country under different circumstances are proof that the Chinese, given a chance, even at home, would improve as a race on the whole. These young American born Chinese are as different from the countrymen of their fathers as day is from night.

Transported back to China, these American born Chinese could no more endure the kind of life and government to which the Chinese people are accustomed than we could. They have been completely changed by environment just as the Japanese are changing the Koreans and the Manchurians by modern and sanitary methods of living. Yet in the war between Japan and China, they have been led to believe that their country was invaded for ambitious and unscrupulous reasons and they have been pitifully bled of funds by the war lords, little realizing just where their money went and how it was spent.

No better example of the conditions of govern-

ment and business under which the Chinese people at home live can be given than the tongs of America's Chinatowns which the police departments of our cities have slowly but surely crushed so far as their dealings in dope and women and their tributes exacted under death threats against innocent Chinese were concerned. It was only a few years ago that these tongs were flourishing, buying and selling girls like horses, bringing in vast quantities of opium and other narcotics and declaring war on one another, killing the members of rival tongs with impunity. How quickly our Americans forget, how little is known of those tongs today or of the manner of their wars and operations. They exist now, but ostensibly as peaceful societies or clubs, their names the same but their highbinders' guns silenced by the law.

There was the Bing Kong, the Suey Sing, the Hip Sing, the Hop Sing, the Sen Suey Ying, the Hep Sen, and a score of others scattered in different parts of the country and with headquarters in New York and San Francisco. A tong was not a blood brotherhood as many imagined, but a society into which merchants and businessmen were drawn under the guarantee of protection against murder and robbery. For years, if a Chinese merchant did not belong to some tong he was open prey for every highbinder. To save himself, to protect himself, he joined a tong, paid dues and the high-

binders of that tong acted as his avengers in case the hatchet men of a rival tong bothered him.

Highbinders were paid gunmen who did not work but lived through the year as members of a private army or tong staff of "killers" to be called on in an emergency. Highbinder is an American name given them by the underworld police at the time the tong slayers took up the use of guns. In the very early days, they used hatchets to kill their victims of tong wars and the police made many gruesome discoveries for the unhappy member of the rival tong, stalked to his death in the quiet of the night, was found with his head cleaved from forehead to chin. Each tong had a president who ruled supreme with his private gang of killers, much like the war lord in China up to the time of the coming of the Japanese; ruled with his private army over the poor subjects of his province. The merchants and businessmen made up the rank and file of dues paying members in the tong. The president and the highbinders lived off them.

Many times the tongs would go into the business of slave girl buying and selling. An American born Chinese would be sent to China, buy a child bride, marry her before an American consul, bring her home to San Francisco's or Los Angeles' Chinatown, there turn her over to the tong and she would be put into a house of prostitution in charge of a "turtle woman," the name for a keeper of a resort. The price paid for this child in China

might be ten or fifteen dollars gold, but the price she brought here was from \$3,000 to \$4,000. Sometimes an entire tong or half a dozen of its members who had put up the expense of the high binder in going to China would own stock in the slave. She never learned to speak English, she was always kept well hidden and she lived and died in the darkness of misery and despair. As she became thin and diseased she was sent "up country," into the brothels of the rice fields on the Sacramento River, say, and there she finally died, old and broken before her time.

Many tong wars have started over slave girls, and wars have been fought in which as many as twenty and thirty innocent men have died. A tong with a grievance never bothered killing the member of the rival tong who had offended it. It simply struck down any member of the tong to which the offender belonged. Thus when tong wars started, members of both tongs went into hiding. San Francisco police history particularly reeks with long tong wars lasting many months, with countless killings, until the police quarantined Chinatown and put a stop to them by force. The Chinatowns of our American cities were meccas for dope operations up to a few years ago. These tong wars preceded the gang wars of American cities. Their operations were much the same. In fact, there is some question but what the killers of the white

gangs during the Prohibition era did not get their ideas from the Chinese.

The Chinese highbinders, like the gangsters who followed them, killed silently and quickly. They laid in wait for their prey or called him to the door of his home and shot him down. They seldom if ever fought it out in the open among themselves, killers against killers. It mattered not how old or unoffending a man had been, only if he belonged to the tong with which they were at war.

I have known many highbinders before and after they were jailed and I have even talked to slave girls of the tongs after they had been rescued by the police or the missionaries and from them both I have learned their stories. It was old China with its callous indifference to its kind but demonstrated over again. How surprised, in later years, I was when I saw the tong life over again in China only under a different name and on a vaster scale.

The Japanese never behaved so badly in this country as the Chinese, yet the sins of the Chinese are forgotten by Americans and they have become pampered darlings. We Americans always coddle a spoiled child. China is a spoiled child so far as our sympathy is concerned. She has behaved quite badly at home and abroad and yet we have forgiven her. I wonder if she appreciates it?

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CHAPTER X

THE camera has played a sterling part in the propaganda of the China war lords in arousing sympathy for themselves in America against the Japanese. More fake pictures have been foisted on the American Press by these Chinese propagandists than can ever be accounted for. Their release has been timed nicely to make one horror overlap another. One of the first was the posing of a crying babe in the ruins of a bomb-wrecked street in the heart of Shanghai. It made the news reels. And it was printed in nearly every daily paper in the United States. The picture showed wrecked buildings and then there was discerned the figure of a tiny child in rags, rubbing its eyes, its mouth open, wailing. There were two angles to this picture which the American public never got. In the first place the child was posed in a street bombed by the Chinese when the Nanking aviators dropped their shells on the Cathay and Palace Hotels in what is generally regarded as an attempt to bring about intervention. Hundreds died, were blown to bits, by Chinese bombs dropped among their own people, but when the smoke and some of the wreckage had been cleared

away this child was thrust into the street and the cameras trained upon it. One camera, however, caught the picture of the child being posed by a Chinese. It was not used in the United States, but did find its way to Japan but too late to be distributed over the world and refute the fake. Hundreds of thousands of Americans saw that picture of a Chinese child crying amid the ruins of the bomb-ruined street and indignation was aroused against the "inhuman Japanese" who perpetrated this "outrage." There have been many pictures like it. And each picture has earned its quota of enemies for Japan.

There was still another picture which inflamed the American people against the Japanese and which was as palpable a fake ever put over on the public of this country. But it rang the bell and elicited a feeling of intense repulsion. I will attempt to describe it minutely and will wager that like hundreds of thousands of others you were shocked and horrified by it. It was the photograph of two men, both soldiers, one of them with a bayoneted gun poised at the breast of the other who was bound, blindfolded at that, to a stake, helpless before the steel thrust of the free man. The caption under the picture gave forth the information that Japanese soldiers were at bayonet practice on Chinese prisoners. In other words, the Japanese soldiers were using human targets for their bayonet practice.

At first glance the thing bowled you over. Your natural reaction was repulsion and horror, repulsion at a people who could do such a thing and horror over the inhuman act itself. If men did these things they were entitled to no consideration. Well the little joker in the pack in that picture was that neither of the two men was Japanese, not even the soldier with the bayonet. Both of them were Chinese. And it was not a posed picture either, a picture faked like so many others for the purposes of propaganda. It was a photograph, an actual photograph, taken some time ago of one of Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers executing a prisoner of his own race and blood. The executioner who was going about his work with a refined Cathian cruelty at the time he was pictured wore the uniform of a soldier of the Chinese-Nanking Government and no other. Any man who has ever been with the Chinese and the Japanese armies and is familiar with the uniform, instantly, and at a glance, knew that. But how many Americans ever saw a Chinese or a Japanese soldier?

A reputable news service was made the unwitting victim of this faked propaganda picture that on sight turned millions against the Japanese and burned deep into the hearts of thousands a resentment, if not hatred, of them. And yet, the picture as captioned and represented had no truth in it. It was an execution all right, a horrible

way to put a man to death no matter what he had done, but not an execution by a Japanese.

The Japanese government denied it in time, but like most of its denials of these propaganda thrusts the denial came too late and even then it was not given anything like the prominence in space that the original picture was. Where a thousand saw the picture but one saw the denial and then didn't give it credence. It was just one of those clever propaganda tricks employed by the Chiang Kai-shek defense that got over and did untold harm.

The war in China gave forth many heart-rending scenes. The innocent, as in all wars, suffered. The heart of every man and woman bleeds for these victims of war in every land. But when the misery of the masses is exploited for political purposes, when photographs are framed without a vestige of fact and are used to sway our sympathies it is well that we call a halt.

We Americans were fooled in the World War with a lot of things that were not actually so. After the war was over we could look back and marvel how we fell for some of them. But they were cleverly arranged for our benefit and to stir our sympathies then and they passed at the time as the unwritten truth. Belgian children writhing on the end of German bayonets. How we swallowed that one. Well, just as raw stuff has reached you from China and behind it was the idea to get us excited and aroused and hating a nation that seeks

our friendship. Whenever we begin to feel ourselves slipping in sentiment on an international issue it is good to pause and look behind the story or the picture that has particularly aroused our indignation against any people.

We Americans are supposed to be a simple lot—wise at home but something of boobs abroad. Don't let the other fellow fool us all of the time. And what a good idea it would be if as a whole we let Asia and Europe at that take care of their own troubles. We've got enough of our own.

CHAPTER XI

COUPLED with Soviet Russia's political designs on China and then all of Asia has been the Bolshevik's all, but subtle grab of something like a million and a half square miles in that country. Nothing has been said about this, however, in the Courts of the World. The Soviet has spurned imperial and expansionist ambitions—outwardly, but it has been busy nibbling at China just the same. Moscow joined China against Japan, but when she did it she was eating into her very heart. Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan have been gobbled up by The Bear in a manner that makes some of the other "takes" in international politics look like child's play. And the Chinese themselves have had little to say about it and can't afford to say anything.

The Russian bite into China began in Czarist days when the Russians dominated Outer Mongolia. Later the Bolsheviks pretended they did not like this idea after all and made an empty gesture of giving the steal back, but quickly they moved to not only take Outer Mongolia under their influence, but to gobble Chinese Turkestan as well. Outer Mongolia has a million square mile area and

Chinese Turkestan something like 500,000 square miles. Lump them together and they are half as big as the United States. The two meet at the Manchurian border. They are rich in gold and minerals, a nice prize.

In the old days of her empire, China maintained these two blocks of territory as a bulwark against Russia. They are really the Soviet's now. Moscow did its work through agitation of propagandists and her secret police in a stealthy reign of terror that eliminated priests and princes and the old order of things.

State control of foreign trade that barred all but the Russians, state ownership of mines and forests and even industries, the formation of a Mongolian army under command of Stalin's officers, and the trick was done. The League of Nations so far hasn't peeped about it although it has had plenty of time to condemn others. Soviet Russia, pretending to be virtuous, got away with the biggest grab in the history of modern times. When there is talk of puppet states the world might well turn its eyes on this Soviet seized territory in China where the Mongolian officials dance at the ends of strings controlled in Moscow. The time will come when Chinese Turkestan, or Sinkiang as the Chinese are pleased to call it, will be annexed to Soviet Russia if the Soviet lasts long enough to do it as many believe she will not. With an eye to business and to gold deposits the Bolsheviki compelled the pup-

pet officials of these vast domains to sign over everything to Moscow. The people in that territory had nothing to say about it. If they opposed it they died. And many are said to have died in a manner the Bolshevik metes out to its enemies.

What Soviet Russia did in Outer Mongolia and in Chinese Turkestan she planned to do in China proper and Japan alone has stopped her. The rest of the world, the so called Allies, among them England, which does not look with favor on this Russian aggression, but has said nothing for publication, has been too busy with its troubles in Europe to offend Moscow openly. The ironic part of it is, though, that no protest has been made to Russia over her taking over huge slices of China, but Japan has been condemned roundly for taking Manchuria out of the hands of war lord-bandit chieftains and making a happy country of her and for stepping into China and stopping Russia from Sovietizing her.

Russia was in the act of doing in China what she did in Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan, not by open invasion of an outward army of soldiers, but by propagandists and terrorist societies, first winning the control, if not the favor, of the central government and then switching that central government into a Soviet. Annexation would have ultimately followed. It would have given the Soviet unbounded control of Asia, locked the doors

of trade in Asia to the outside world and destroyed the national life of Japan as well as China.

The bluff of Russia has been called. She must now show her hand. Japan, fighting alone, has stopped the Soviet on the brink of world power, has paved the way for her eventual downfall, has taken China and shaken her from the lethargy that would have preceded her death.

CHAPTER XII

IN their desperation to enlist first the sympathy and then the aid and with the hope eventually of intervention of the Americans, the falling Chiang Kai-shek government moved in on the missionaries. They already had bagged the sympathy to a large degree of some of the Protestant sects. Now they approached the Catholic missionaries. The Catholic missionaries on the whole had generally remained aloof, had not taken sides. Before the war they had not received any too great encouragement from the Nanking War Lords. Now, with the Japanese upon them, fiercely divorcing China from Bolshevik influence from Russia, the former Nankingers made all sorts of high sounding promises to the Catholics whom before they had more or less sidetracked in the mission field.

Like their Protestant brethren a few of the Catholic missionaries fell for the Chiang Kai-shek promises, overlooking the fact that the Bolshevik, if Chiang had won against Japan, would make short work of them and that the creed of their Church is that there can be no compromise with Communism. Some of these were missionaries who had lived long in China and in one particular place

and who had been too close to the glass to observe the red tinge on the China governmental horizon.

The Chiang Kai-shek people approached these, and, as with the Protestant missionaries, had them write harrowing letters to their friends in the United States, filling the missionaries' ears with wild tales of alleged Japanese atrocities.

Some missionaries in the south of China were influenced this way, and even a few in Shanghai, writing letters to their friends, no doubt, in all good faith, but when they succumbed to this Chiang influence they did so in more or less contradiction to the wishes of their superiors who have remained strictly neutral.

In my travels over China and the Far East, both before, and during the war, I came in contact with many missionaries of many sects and I found, especially among the Catholics, that they were sharply divided in their opinions as to the justification of Japan being in China. The majority were in defense of Japan, others in defense of China. The Catholic missionaries in Japan, Korea and Manchoukuo were frank in stating that Japan was saving Asia from Bolshevism. So were the general run around Peking and in the interior of the North. But in Shanghai, where these missionaries had labored heroically among the wounded and the dying and the starving the picture of war's horror was so vivid that there were a few who held for China and against Japan.

These the Chiang Kai-shek henchmen were quick to pounce upon, along with some Protestant missionaries, and urged to write letters "home" and condemn the Japanese. These letters were used by the war lords of China as powerful propaganda and some of them even found their way into the papers and the magazines in America although always anonymous.

Long before the Generalissimo and his war lords moved in on the missionaries for propaganda purposes in the United States many of the missionaries had built up in the natural course of their work a deep bond of sympathy for China among the Americans.

It was American donations that kept the missions going. Consequently the missionaries presented to their countrymen on this side of the world the more friendly side of the picture in China. They did not mention the war lord regimes, the thievery, the quackery, the treachery, the filth, the brutality, the immorality, the corruption in Chinese life both among the officials and the masses. They told only the "nice" side, the pathetic side too, the side that would arouse sympathy. The Chinese were good and poor and deserving and yearning for what the Western World and Christianity could give them. When a missionary was kidnaped and held for ransom or killed and there have been 250 of them done away with by the Chinese soldiers and bandits in the past few years against ten

or twelve who met death at the hands of the Japanese during the war, when these things happened and the Chinese were to blame the matter was hushed and soft-pedaled. But when the missionary died at the hands of the Japanese, and there have been comparatively few of them, the matter was heralded to the world in black type.

It must be said that the missionaries have been "on the spot" in China, surrounded by Chinese soldiers and bandits and Communists and that a word said for Japan under any circumstances would have meant their death. To their credit the missionaries on the whole have a great love for the Chinese. They have done good work for them. They have refuted the idea that many of them are "Rice Christians; no rice, no Christian." And they are spending their lives at what appears on the surface a thankless task. China owes them a great deal, more than she can ever repay. Japan realizes the good done by the missionaries at large and has donated moneys to rebuild missions destroyed in the war.

I have talked to many missionaries in China and even the few who side with Chiang Kai-shek admit the peril of Bolshevism coming in, but unlike the majority of their brethren they are willing to take a chance or do not wish to incur the hatred or the danger of revenge by the Chinese terrorists who roam disguised in the crowds and strike down those who oppose the Generalissimo and his war

lords. Some have told me frankly their hands are tied, that if they favored Japan they would be killed as Lo Po Hong, the great Catholic philanthropist in Shanghai, was killed.

I remember being in Nanking the winter before the war and stopping in the home of a Catholic missionary, a saintly man, who lived a life of hardship and privation that he might bring his Faith to the Chinese. It was an old house, without fuel, because fuel was costly, and he lived alone with a Chinese boy to serve him and cook his meals. It was so cold in the house that we ate our meals with our overcoats on and I even slept in mine. This priest bore a deep love for the simplest coolie and for even the Chiang Kai-shek officials who refused him recognition and did not allow him the privilege to conduct a school although certain other sects conducted colleges in the city. At night this priest was allowed to teach languages to some of the Chiang Kai-shek officials. That was all. He hoped, some time, with patience and prayer, to secure the then powerful Chinese government's permission to open a real school in Nanking and to found, eventually, a real college there.

When the war came on the attitude of the Chiang Kai-shek government, that had all but spurned this Catholic priest, changed. He was offered the privilege to build and open a college in Nanking. The overture, the promise came, note, after the war started and when Chiang Kai-shek

and his war lords needed all the sympathy they could get from the United States, the Generalissimo no doubt having his eye on the 22,000,000 Catholics in the United States and the fear that in their opposition to Communism they might see and feel the Moscow influence behind him. Yet when I met a compatriot of this priest later in Shanghai he told me in all simplicity and good faith that Chiang Kai-shek had promised he and his co-workers might have a college in Nanking "when the war was over and won."

This priest, like his compatriot, had spent years in Shanghai, steeped in the native quarter, laboring in acts of mercy and charity among the most miserable of the coolies, and when the fighting was on and Chinese bombs from the sky were tearing their own countrymen to pieces they had remained at their posts at the risk of their lives. They could see nothing of the situation, or beyond it but the misery and suffering of "their children," as they called them. But the missionaries who traveled, those priests who had been abroad in the land and who, as it were, from watch towers had seen the handwriting of the Bolshevik on the walls of China knew and felt differently. They were of the opinion that it was better for China that Chiang Kai-shek and his war lords and the Bolshevik influence that they had come under, go; that Japan put China upon her feet and save her from the mire into which she was sinking.

In striking contrast to some of these missionary horror letters that have been used by the China war lords for propaganda purposes with such telling effect are two from Taian, written by priests who were through the war in its most terrible phases. They blame the atrocities not on Japanese troops, but on Chinese soldiers of the so called irregular armies who, they declare, are little more than bandits preying upon their own people. They write:

"The reports in the American papers dealing with the situation here are one sided and exaggerated—often real fabrications spread as propaganda against the Japanese. We have seen the heads of prisoners taken by the Chinese stuck on poles. The Chinese farmers are suffering most from the depredations of the Chinese irregular soldiers who are often little more than bandits. The bombing of the large cities has been brought on by the Chinese generals quartering their troops, ammunition and supplies in congested areas. Often the army supplies are piled high in the very center of cities.

"According to our experience," continue these two Catholic missionaries, "the Japanese soldiers have shown discipline and have never molested us in any way. Willingly we shall stay with our good Chinese people. However the truth must be stated in regard to the Japanese. They are good to us. During the bombing of Taian our mission was

badly damaged. The Japanese officers, on the fall of the city, came and expressed their regret and then gave us 3000 yen to restore the church, offered us their autos for service and posted signs of protection on our missionary buildings which gave us a feeling of security after the harrowing experiences we had been through before they came into our midst."

CHAPTER XIII

THE undeclared war between China and Japan, or rather, the war lords of China and Japan was brought practically to a conclusion by first the fall of Canton and then Hankow. The British and the French were in the main responsible for the swift manoeuvre by which Japan landed an army in the south of China and then moved into Canton. The British and the French had enjoyed commercial dominancy there and they fed the armies of Chiang Kai-shek with munitions and supplies from Hongkong to Canton and north. To bring the fighting to an end Japan was forced to go south and capture Canton and choke off these supplies. She did it with remarkable speed and skill. Great Britain looked upon the fall of Canton to the Japanese arms with, what must have been, a feeling akin to despair. By her own act she had brought Japan south. Now she realized her folly.

Canton's fall, Hankow's abandonment, shattered what prestige Chiang Kai-shek maintained among his own people and abroad. The world knew, what many knew in China long before Canton's fall, that Chiang Kai-shek and his war lords had failed.

It was revealed that China after all was not united and not as one with Chiang Kai-shek. Canton, too, had been the seat of Soviet conspiracy against Japan. By its capture Moscow propagandists retired to the hinterlands and went into hiding for another day.

The fall of Canton and then of Hankow brought relief to millions of Chinese. It gave a chance for the better elements in China, long under the heels of the war lords, and then the Bolshevik, to come out and openly co-operate with the Japanese who had rid their country of these political pests. But it brought on Japan again the stirring of an avalanche of propaganda against her, by the British and others, who, seeing their long rule in south China ended, wished, also, to drag the United States out of the trade picture in the Orient. Nothing would please these nations more than to embroil the United States with Japan and have our country do their fighting for them in the Far East. They know from now on that Japan would dominate that part of the world, that Japan favored America over them in the preference of trade, that, seeking to develop Manchuria and China, Japan would ask American co-operation and capital.

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